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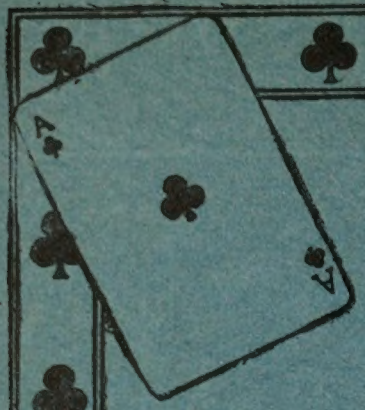

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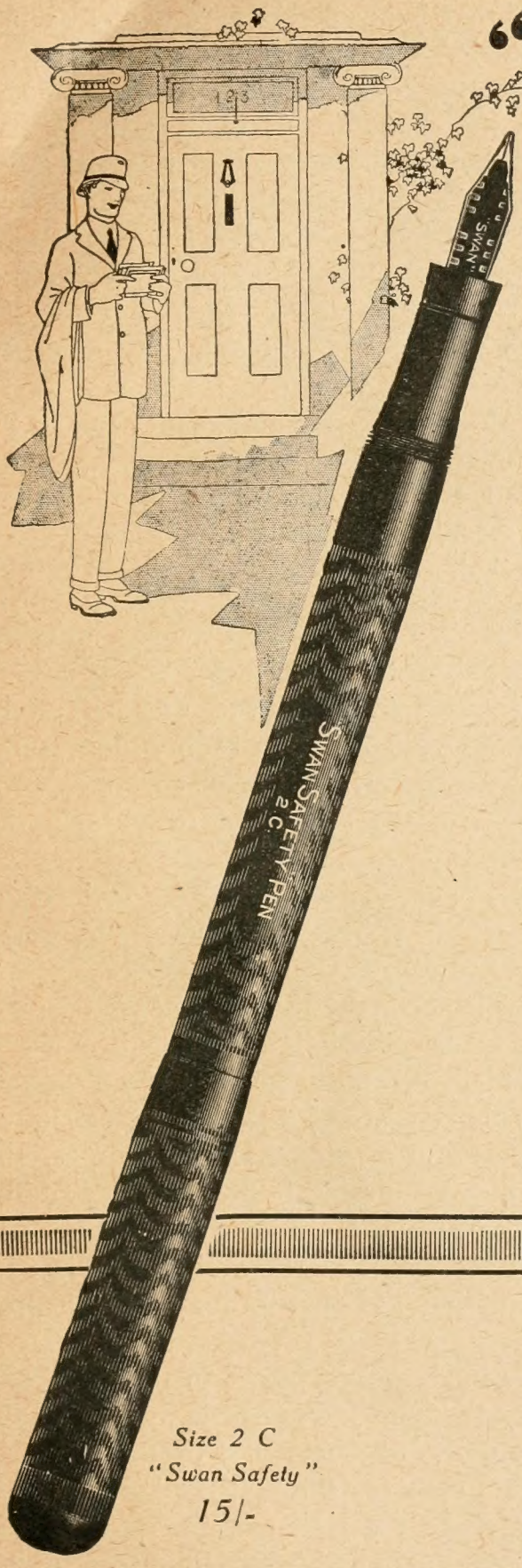

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The Staff of Life.

¶ Too little attention is often paid to that important item of our diet —"daily bread." Women of the past who made their own were far greater critics of the food value of the staff of life than women of to-day, who buy it carelessly, without inquiry into its manufacture. There is bread and bread, and all housekeepers should be careful in selecting bread that is absolutely pure and clean, as well as nutritious and palatable. "Bermaline" bread is all this and more, for it has been recommended to many as part-remedy for impaired digestion. In the manufacture of this bread the Bermaline Extract (malt extract) reduces the starch in the flour to a minimum, and the diastase of the Bermaline converts the insoluble starch into soluble dextrine and sugar. The proprietors of "Bermaline," Messrs. Montgomerie and Co., Ltd., prepare the flour in their own mills, at Haddington and Glasgow, solely from the nutritious portion of the wheat berry together with specially selected barley. Bread made of such ingredients, almost entirely untouched by hands, under the best conditions, cannot fail to be deliciously appetising.

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A choice of handy devices lies open, including the Gas Incinerator and the small Coke Stove which is frequently used for water heating in modern dwellings. Perhaps, however, where space is an object and the landlord will not allow the removal of the coal range, even where it is unused because it is superseded by a gas cooker, a device which effectually cremates refuse in the discarded range may be preferred. This consists of a perforated or slotted base plate placed over a powerful atmospheric ring burner, the latter of which is fitted with a removable burner piece. To the framework are attached two collapsible hinged pieces, which enable the stove to be adjusted to the width of the firebox of the particular range, and at the same time the sides form a sort of hopper for holding the refuse.

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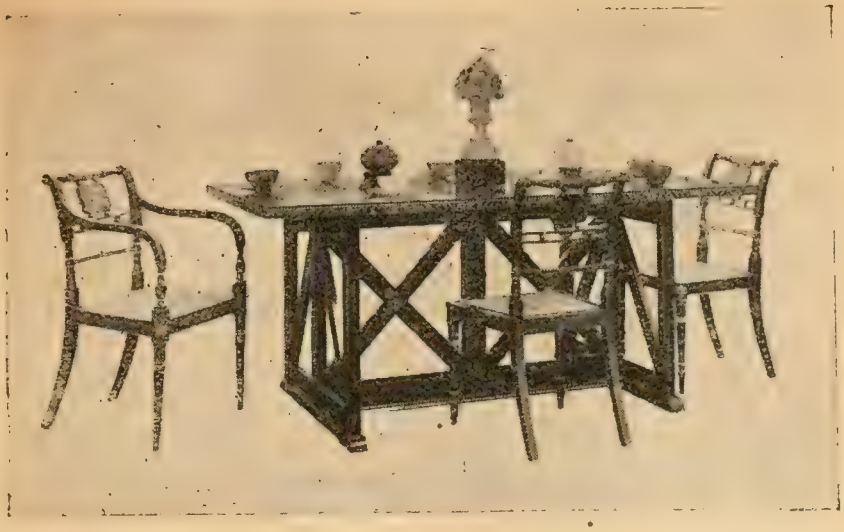

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There is every reason to believe that Chiffon Velveteen will be very scarce during the winter, so much so that manufacturers are now rationing supplies to their customers. We were fortunately able to buy a large stock of this fashionable fabric last spring at prices much below present day values. This advantage we propose to give to our customers, and we have now in stock a large number of most attractive Chiffon Velveteen Tea Frocks, all of which are moderately priced.

"Ruby." — Useful and warm Teafrock in rich chiffon velveteen, magyar bodice and new draped skirt lined throughout to give the looped effect at foot, trimmed real fur. In a good range of colours and black.

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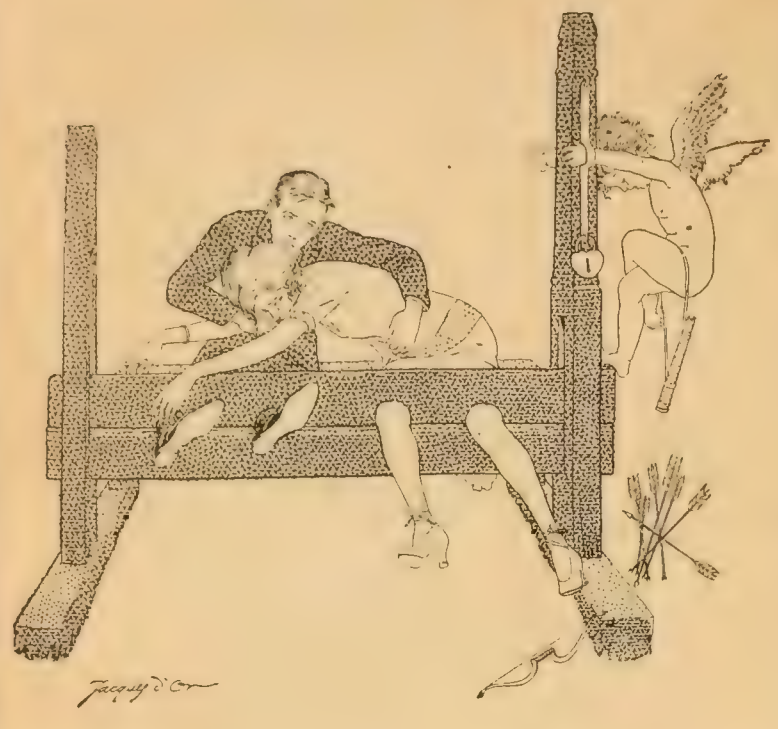
YOUTH BLED AGAIN

By H. Dennis Bradley



PASSE-PARTOUT

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17" by 12" at 1s. each.

IS there any end to the world's system by which youth is eternally bled in body and in purse to pay for the sins of its profligate fathers?

Youth paid a ghastly price in blood during the War; now Youth is asked to pay an outrageous price in money during the so-called Peace.

The Excess Profits Tax is a damnable tax on Youth and Progress.

It is War again. It is a tax at war with Progress, with Production, with Development, with Commerce, and with Industry. And if persisted in it will annihilate the lot, because it has, first of all, killed Incentive.

Listen to this quotation, taken straight from the mouth of the Chairman of the Textile Corporation, Ltd.—it is the quintessence of grandiloquence:—

"One can look forward to extreme prosperity in the immediate future. . . . There is a lack of new competition in this country, which is largely the result of high prices and the present system of taxation. The current Budget proposals, with the increased Excess Profits Duty, have made it safe for old-established firms like ours, and made it almost impossible for younger firms to exist and futile for new firms to commence, and as the Excess Profits Duty has the effect of raising prices of all commodities, we as a merchant firm will have to pay more for our products, and sell them for more, which will have the effect of increasing our profits per quantity of material handled."

Needless to say, the beautiful sentiment of this statement was punctuated by "Loud applause" by the merry shareholders.

Therefore the young and brilliant business men of this nation, a great number of whom are the survivors of five years' fighting for their country, may now consider themselves "down and out." So again the poor dog has none.

And if the young men are daring or desperate enough to compete with the "old-established firms" under a terrific handicap, and with a colossal discount on their returns, what will become of the money?

It will be squandered by the most ruthless, extravagant Government the world has ever known. The Excess Profits Tax is the Excessive Profligates Tax on Youth. It is the Bolshevist finance. For the killing of Progress is the shortest cut to national bankruptcy and ruin. When nations become anthropophagous it is the beginning of their decay. Personally, I suppose I shall soon be compelled to live a frugal and virtuous life in a little hut in a forest. But I should have liked to have been left with enough to live an irresponsible life in two little huts in two little forests.

* * * * * * *

The following prices are not advanced. In fact, soon this House will give clothes away out of sheer disgust.

* * * * * * *

Lounge Suits from £12 12s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £10 10s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1920.

The Satyr

By Victor Hugo

(*Translated by* EDWARD CARPENTER.)*

ON Olympus once a Satyr dwelt, far lost
In the wild woods below the sacred mountain.
There lived he, hunted, dreamed, among the branches;
There night and day pursuing shadowy forms
He held in leash the dozen or fifteen senses
A faun can loose upon a passing pleasure.

Who was this Faun? None answered. Even Flora
Could not give word, nor Vesper, nor Aurora—
She who sees all, dowered with the eyes of Dawn.
Some called him a Curmudgeon; some a God.
But at the very best and any wise
A deity strange he was, in queer disguise.

All feared the presence of this sylvan creature.
Bacchantes even trembled, and the nymphs
Hid their slight forms among the jagged rocks.
Echo closed down her cavern's fragile door;
And for this poet, compact of clay and æther,

* Hugo's poem, "Le Satyre," is perhaps the finest of the whole series entitled by him "La Légende des Siècles." In its picturesqueness, its humour, its deep meaning, and its splendid imagination, it is truly an inspiration. In making the following translation, I have kept pretty closely to the original, line by line. On account, however, of the length of the poem, and certain occasional prolixities, I have cut out some passages, thus reducing the total number of lines by about a third.—E.C.

The Andryad in her alcove grotto waited.
Of the whole forest he was the tawny lover:
Slyly to seize a Nymph he'd lie in wait
For that sweet moment when, all radiant
(And in the evening stillness) she would gaze
On her own naked image in the waters.
He stopped Lycera and Chloe as they ran;
Or spied the Naiad glistening deep within
The waters of some birch-embroidered pool,
Most like a star in mortal form of woman.
Night-long he prowled with burning lusty gaze
Or plucked the lovely fruits and feasts of summer days.

. . . . . .

Psyche one day, deeming herself alone,
And nude preparing for a sylvan bath,
Sudden perceived him hid among the foliage,
And fled—to make her just complaint in heaven.
He showed indeed a shameless innocence:
His whims of love, at once divine and bestial,
Reached even the sacred rocks of the Ideal
(For where the bird can fly the goat can climb).
The Faun defiled the forest of Olympus,
And more, he was a Charlatan, a Thief;
So Hercules came invading his retreat
And led him by the ear to Jupiter's high seat.

The Blue.

Now when the Satyr reached that rosy summit
And saw the foot of the celestial stairs,
He trembled, with amazement overwhelmed;
And with his mouth wide open to the wind—
Head swooning 'mid sweet odours, sights and sounds—
(A Faun with clay yet clinging to his hoofs)
He shivered in that gaze of glorious eyes.
But reaching soon the threshold of the cavern,
All lightning-wove, where Jupiter abides,
Heaven's blue shone near him, and the Pleiades.
And gaping he beheld in long procession
Soft nude things passing by him endlessly—
Namely those deities whom we call clouds.
It was the hour the horses of the Sun

Go forth. Heaven shimmering in the glorious Dawn
Oped wide the sounding portals of her gate,
Clear white, and almost terrible in glory.
Behind them there was seen, adorned with eyes,
The vast orb of the Radiant Car itself,
With one arm visible of the guiding God.
Aquilon had just linked the chariot up,
And the great horses shook their golden harness.
Thus taking their first steps between the zones
Of darkness and of light they plunged and reared.
The first three, with their blazing eyes and nostrils,
Shook towards Day a sparkling shower of dew,
And from their quivering manes a spray took flight
Of pearls and sapphires, diamond and onyx—
The last horse shook the stars off into Night.

. . . . . .

Could the grain see the Mill which waits to grind it,
Could the wild briar forebode the goat's sharp tooth,
They would indeed look sad, as did the Satyr
Seeing the Gods there clothed i' the heavenly blue.
Yet Heaven he entered; for the great Beast-Killer
Held his huge ear, and would not let him stray.
At every step the good Faun through the azure
Plunged limping, still half caught in earthly clay;
His forked hoof made great cavities in the glare,
While all his brutish-formed monstrosity
Showed heavy and hideous on the golden air.
Forward he moved, while stretching still in front
A veil of mist concealed the coming day.
Then sudden fell the veil—and he beheld
The Gods in all their glad and terrible array.

There they all were, these beings strange and fierce,
Forms of the great Abyss, unknown, invisible.
There on twelve golden thrones (by Vulcan framed)
At the great never-ending feast they sat,
Their nectar and ambrosia still consuming.
Far back sat Jove; while Cypris was in front,
Upon a melting whiteness as of foam
Softly reposing, nude and yet divine,
And lit by glowing eyes there fixed upon her.

(At moments all the incense and the vows
Seemed like a sea of light around her brows.)
Jove with his three eyes dreamed, through which you saw
The past, the present, and the future draw.
Backward of Jove stood Cupid, radiant,
The cruel boy, who spares not nor forgives,
The boy who laughed the moment he was born,
Thinking of all the hearts he'd make forlorn.
And round about these gods—and without cease—
The world made music sweet, in melody and peace.

Then Hercules from his fist (whose fearful power
Could split the pile of Ossa to its base)
Sudden let go his captive, pushing him
Forth on the azure paviment of Heaven.
"Go!" said he—and, behold! there stood the Faun,
All hirsute, dark and hideous, yet calm
(As any painted goat on a white ship's sail).
At once mad peals of laughter to the sky
Burst forth: so merry that a giant, chained
There underneath the mountain, raised his brow
And cried, "What new crime are they plotting now?"
Jupiter laughed; and so did Neptune too,
Convulsing mortal lives in stormy seas;
Venus, quick turned her forehead, fair as dawn,
And said: "Who in the world is that strange faun?"
Diana fingered an arrow from her quiver,
And all the goddesses laughed, like mortal women.
As to the Satyr, midst of these great ladies,
Panting and club-foot, horned and rude of shape,
He hesitated not, but straight to Venus
Limped, fascinated by the mystery
Of her fair feet, and said, "Come, darling, come with me."

What storm of laughter and tumult divine
Followed thereon, nor word nor pen can picture.
Cried Hercules, "Here is the droll you want."
And Jupiter, great President of the Council,
Said, "Faun, you ought indeed to be transformed
To stone, or stream, or prisoned in a tree;
Natheless because I laughed, I will forgive you;
To your den, your lake, your murmuring, sighing woods,

I will restore you. But to move us further
To laughter which shall save you, I decree
You sing a song with your own wild-wood ring.
Come, rascal, all Olympus listens. Come, then, sing!"
The goat-hoof answered: "But my wretched reeds
Are broken up. For Hercules when he came
Trod on them at the entrance of my den
And without pipes to sing! Why, that's a shame!"
Mercury, smiling, lent him then his flute;
And the lowly Satyr, lover of the forest,
Went and sat dreaming in a shady spot—
As if afar from godhood he felt bolder;
And there he framed a chant of mystic plot.
The Eagle, who alone had laughéd not,
Lifted a head and listened. And the Satyr
Calmly but sadly sang.

Then over Taygetus afar, and Mysis,
And round the foothills of divine Olympus,
One soon beheld in wood and deep ravine
The wild things peering shyly thro' the green;
A doe with lustrous eyes sat on her haunches,
Wolves even to tigers made a sign to listen;
And the strange rhythm among the lofty branches
Of cedars, elms and pines, responding roved;
Nor did the sturdy oaks remain unmoved.
The Faun, strange being, to dreamy rudeness given,
Seemed to forget that he was with the gods in Heaven.

THE DARK.

Deep in the world-abyss he seemed to dream,
Picturing trees seen from below their roots,
And subterranean wars of cannibal plants,
Caverns by fire illumed, to sunlight dead—
Creation's obverse in the darkness bred.
Like one who follows a spirit underground
He seemed to spell a magic alphabet,
Tracing the hidden water-springs, and wells
Of fire volcanic. Bright his visage burned.
Invisible chains fell off him; from his lips
It seemed as if, in the dark soul's eclipse,
His dream broke from him with a strange wild sound.

"Forests (he said) are doleful places: Fear,
Black fear, abides there, even in the day;
The trees entangle Night in their dark fingers,
And through the shadowy network of their spires
Morning herself looks pale, and monstrous branches
Twist horribly like serpents o'er the sky.
All trembles there. Above the haggard rout
Of breres the mountain, like a witness, rises
Looking on Night and summits lost in mist.
Black caverns caught in open-mouthed amaze,
Blocks and great rocks with stern and strange profiles—
Their necks outstretched in silent conference
With ancient sages—spy the great world-secret;
And high peaks ope their eyelids to observe
As in a swoon the mystery of the valleys;
Or scrutinise pure heaven—the which Olympus
Knows nothing of; or seek in vain to seize
Some naked form of truth; or, now and then,
Solving perchance the mystery, perceive
The Pure and Radiating Cause of All—
The holy far-removed Enigma, nude,
Showing her white form in the fathomless Deep.
O terrible Nature, wondrous living link
'Twixt budding tree and branching World-ideal,
Bath of the Godhead in the starlit gulf,
Fierce nudity of Dian's night-crowned self,
Which seen from far and seen across the glades
Seems to clothe all the rocks with monstrous shades!
O Forest . . . . ."

But the Sylvan closed his eyes.
The flute—which, feverish, he had ta'en and dropped,
Importunate to his lip—he now abandoned,
Casting it down upon the sacred floor;
His lips were shut; it almost seemed he slept,
But that the fulvous lashes allowed the light
To pass within. And so the Faun continued:

"Greetings, O Chaos, and glory to the Earth!—
Chaos is God, the elements are his life,
And He alone is origin of All.
'Twas He who once—before the birth of Time,

Before the first day and the primal hour—
Surprised the Dawn asleep within her dwelling;
'Twas He who to the jowl of night conjoined
Aurora's lips, and from their kisses caused
The stars to blossom. Chaos, indeed, became
The lusty mate and Spouse of th' Infinite.
Before the Word was, it was He who roared,
Whistled and whinnied like the animals.
For these our elder brethren were the first
Expressions of the rude fertility
Or, if you will, debauchery of Chaos.
Would you be Gods, consider the animals!
For neither are they Day, nor are they Night.
All the obscure and vague force of the Earth
Lurks in the Brute—larva divine, unique.
The grey-browed Sibyl knows, and the Magicians
Know it—those wanderers of the wild ravines.
'Tis this that causes the Thessalian priestess
To snatch the hair-tuft from a hyena's flank,
Or once made Orpheus—haggard, almost jealous—
Hearken the dreadful chant of howling wolves."

Then cross-eyed Vulcan murmured "Marsyas!"
But Phœbus signalled—forefinger on lip.
The Faun's eyes opened—possibly he heard;
Then calmly spoke—his knee with both hands clipped.

"And now great Gods, list to this word 'The Soul.'
In the tree's murmur, in the monster's roar,
Someone is speaking. 'Tis the soul. She rises
Even from Chaos. And apart from Her
There were no winds, only a foul miasma;
There were no streams, only a stagnant pool.
The Soul from Chaos arisen dissipates it;
For Chaos is but a sketch, whose living essence
The Soul is. Every creature grows at first
Out of brute animal and woodland roots;
But Air aspires to Spirit; and Man appears.
Man, that strange Sphinx! What is he?—Who begins
In wisdom, but, (O mystery!) ends in madness.
Give back, O Heaven, that Golden Age—once His—of
gladness."

The Satyr then, checking his stormy flight,
Uncurled at first one finger, then a second,
And then a third—like one who counts while sowing—
And cried—to high and holy Olympus calling :...
"Ye Gods! the Tree is holy, Brutes are holy,
And Man is holy! Pay your reverence
Even to the fathomless Earth—the Earth whereon
Man works, creates, constructs, and founds the future,
A possible giant, still in embryo.
The earth whereon the animal seeks the light,
And magic oaks pronounce strange oracles
(Mid infinite Night, close-packed with miracles).
The Earth, ye Gods, in majesty is most
Akin to you,—the globe yet unexplored
Which bears you, sweeps you, forward into space.
You dazzling beings, gorgeous in your might,
Who from your cups of gold drink draughts of Light,
You whom the dawn precedes, and a great flame
Shall follow through a night of dreadful name . . ."

The Satyr's forehead ran bedewed with sweat,
Dropping like water from a sea-flung net;
His hair was ruffled as with sudden wind . . .
Said Phœbus, "Will you take my lyre?" "You're kind,"
The Faun replied; and calmly stretching hand
Received the mighty music. Then upstood,
Full height, in a delirium of dreams,
Shuddering, ecstatic, 'neath the dawning skies—
Two splendid beacons burning in his eyes.

"How fine he is!" said Venus, half afraid,
And Vulcan, coming near, said, "'Tis Antæus"
(Who gained his strength from Mother Earth's own nipple);
But Hercules with his elbow pushed aside the cripple.

Down in the Deep.

But He—he saw them not, though right before him.
He chanted MAN—retold that sad adventure,
Man, the selected number, chosen prize
In the great gamble; yet by his own fault
Effaced, and in a luckless ebb of tide
Fall'n back into the night of unseen things;

Retold those early days, the happy Isle
Atlantis; how sweet odours after all
Became foul miasm; how a hymn of joy
Expired beneath the stainless vault of heaven;
How freedom turned to slavery, and how
Silence o'erspread the gagged and strangled Earth.
Certes, he uttered not Prometheus' name,
But in his eye one caught the lightning-flash
Of stolen fire. He told of all mankind.
Sealed down and forfeited in misery
Under bad kings and gods most insincere.
Sad Mortals! They beheld the sky above
Close over them! 'Twas all in vain to love;
In vain to slay, as brothers, that foul Dame,
That crook-winged monster, Hate, with jaws of flame.
Alas! like Cadmus, spiting Destiny,
They sowed the dragon's teeth, and up there came
Spectres and spectres without end who fought
With sword in hand, and whirled about each other
Like dead leaves eddying in a fatal wind.
These spectres are the Kings; these ghosts the Gods.
World without end they rise up and return.
Under their rule th' ancient equality
Becomes mere baseness; Draco to Busiris
Offers his hand; and Death turns to a code
Taking its orders from the hands of Power;
Till divine Freedom, sighing, breathes its last
Under the hideous weight of a monstrous Past.
Man silent grows. Buried beneath this rubbish
He learns revenge, perverseness, cheating and lying
(A soul suppressed adopts all slavish vices).
Since they have piled a mountain on him, he
Will come forth *lava*, ravaging the land
He cannot fertilise. Thus in the Faun's
Wild chant one heard the thunder of man's woes.
He told of war, the trumpet and the sword,
The fierce affray, remorseless massacre,
Glory—and flags lasciviously afloat
Only that Death 'mid frightful ecstasies may gloat . . .

And even while he spoke, one could discern
Deep in the Faun's eyes a strange brightness burns

Two tears which forced their way as thro' a fire.
He told of fate's old hatred of the soul—
Life's darkness crossed by evil-boding fingers,
Time's tangled forest, and the blood-hound pack
Of mortal ills—men hiding, but the Gods
Swift on their track. And even as he sang
These mournful strophes, the far evening breeze
With its transfiguring magic changed his nature,
Lifting his form even to celestial stature.
And then around him the wild winds were hushed,
While drawn in throngs by some invisible thread
Closer and closer to him came the brutes—
Wolves, foxes, panthers, bears, and tawny lions,
So close approaching, step by step, the Gods
Could see their muzzles showing through the clouds.

But the gods laughed no more; these high victorious
And mighty kings began to think it serious
When such a word came forth from such a creature.
But he went on :—

" The Gods and Kings, forsooth, on heavenly heights!
Man in the ditch; and, serving these high tyrants
A thousand plagues! Man only half emerging,
Half-formed, from chaos, and to his midmost part
Still plunged in brutish passion. All betrays him.
Hopeless indeed he oft gives up the battle . . . .
Natheless let all beware of this great Outcast!
An hour lies waiting in the womb of Night—
A fearful hour, which yet shall bring delight—
Which yet shall save you, Man, from Time's decree,
And change the face of grievous Destiny . . .
Unhappy man! Rebellion's great endeavour,
Because you crawled once, must you crawl for ever?
Who knows but one day we shall see you rise
Proudly supreme to harness the Abyss
With your own steeds and lightning from the skies,
To reach in Heaven a far sublime Unknown?
Yes, Man himself perchance shall *be* the throne,
And quell the elements beneath, and change
The universal anarchy to law—
The holy law of Peace, Love, Unity . . .

Yes, handling now the bridle of the wind,
He'll navigate the twilight like a fiend,
And sail across the woods, the streams, the hills,
Splendid with star-enkindled torch in hand,
Steering a car of steel, and steam and thunder
Heard vibrant in the absence of the light,
And forcing, like the Dawn, the gates of Night?
Who knows, one day hurling old insults back,
He'll say, 'Matter begone! with all thy rack!'
Who knows, he'll pass th' electric border-line,
Snatch from the body its weight, and from the flesh
Its thought-confining vesture of decay?
So that, O marvel, suddenly we shall see
This worm of earth soar wingèd to the skies?

"Arise, O Man, O mighty rebel, arise!
The orbit of a star is but a link
In a great chain—and that chain perfect peace,
The chain of azure, O Man! the chain of Heaven.
To that chain, mortal! must thou link thyself,
So that thou also (since a spirit's a star)
Mayst move in circle round the light afar.
Enter the mighty choir! Throw off the yoke
Of filthy slavehood, and be sworn henceforth
To life divine. *Become Humanity*
Triple in form—Man, Woman, yea, and Child!
Transform thyself. Go! Be indeed a soul—
And be so more and more! As slave be seed
Of kings; as demon, larva of a God.
Seize the sun's ray; take wings of morning; snatch
Promethean fire! winged torso! form divine!
Mount to thy throne, mount to thy mighty Dawn,
And leave behind in Night the goat-feet of the Faun."

STAR-CIRCLED.

The Satyr ceased a moment, out of breath,
Just like a man emerging from a torrent;
But in his visage a new Being appeared.
The Gods, already anxious, turned towards Jove
Their troubled faces, staring stupefied.
But he continued:—

" Under this hideous weight, which stifled it,
A real world shall rise again and crush
The present evil. Gods! you do not know
What the world *is*. Gods! you are ignorant.
You've conquered, but you have not understood.
Over your heads are many other spirits,
Which amid Cloud and Wave and Rain and Fire
Wait dreaming of your ruin, huge and dire.
But what is that to me who only am
A scared Eye watching in the dead of night.
Gods! other Sphinxes live than she of Thebes.
Know this, ye tyrants over man and hell,
Spillers of blood, whose back parts are not hid,
On this great mountain here, where earth and sky
Are equal balanced, we are outlaws *all*:
But you as Tyrants only—I for Freedom.
While you sow hatred broadcast, sin and slime,
And stride in three steps through all worlds of crime,
I am the dreamer; mine the steadfast eye
Of caverns dark: the whole world round I spy—
Blue Mounts Olympus, shades of dark Avernus,
Temples and charnel-houses, forests, cities,
Eagles or halcyons: all before my vision
Are but one and the same. The gods, the devils—
Those of the present age, and those to come—
Just glimmer past me, and go by together.
All things go by; yet One there is, *remains*:
And Him to know no mortal man attains.
Mankind supposes, sketches, seeks, approaches;
Fashions a marble, carves a face of rock,
Or shapes a statue, saying, 'This is He.'
And stands before mere stone in ecstasy,
And all these half-baked folk, such as they are,
Obey their priests. Be ye indeed immortals,
Summits of all creation! Crush beneath you
This uselss heap of palpitating life!
Be lords of all, and when—but a little while—
You've blotted the blue heavens with crimson blood,
When Victors, you have poured out *quantum suff*,
Why then all's said, and you'll be thrust aside
By that dark Deity men call *Enough*.
For Pisa or Delphi are like cars that glide,

And things eternal fade and are passed o'er
Almost before the tongue has time to count a score."

Even while thus he spoke the Satyr grew
Vast beyond measure—vaster at the first
Than Polyphemus, then than Typhon (howler,
And rank blasphemer, hammerer with his fists),
Then vaster still than Titan or than Athos.*
Into his dark form entered all of Space;
And as a sailor a headland, so the Gods
Awestruck saw growing on them this great Being.
A strange pale dawn broke luminous o'er his forehead;
His hair-crowned head was a forest, waves and lakes
And streams flowed issuing from his mighty haunches;
His twin horns seemed like Caucasus and Atlas.
Lightnings encircled him with deafening sound;
And on his flanks meadows and fair champaigns
Rustled in verdure; vales and mountains too
Took outline in his body's hills and hollows;
The animals drawn thither by his music—
Tigers and deer—mounted along his sides;
April, in flowers, ran riot o'er each member,
His armpits were a shelter from December;
And wandering populations asked their route,
Lost at the five-way forkings of his hand;
Eagles soared sailing in his open mouth;
The lyre, grown giantesque beneath his touch,
Now sang, now wept, now thundered, uttering cries;
Rainstorms among its seven strings, like flies,
Were caught as in a spider's web of death;
And stars shot from his mighty chest at every breath

Loudly he cried: " The future in Heaven's plan
Is growth into the infinite without end;
It is the spirit on all sides searching Matter.
Limit the Cause, you cripple the Result.
O world! All ill comes from the darkened forms
Of gods who should be radiant with light.
Why put above Reality mere phantoms?
With Space and Æther, Earthkings can't compete.

* Presumably Mount Athos. But Hugo's references are not always very definite.

O make room for the deathless brood of Night—
For night-skies, blue skies, eventide and morn.
Room for the sacred atom, fiery-fluid!
Room for the radiant Universal Soul!
A 'King' means only *War*, a 'God' means *Night;*
On dogma's ruin Freedom, Life and Faith
Shall flourish; everywhere shall shine one light,
And everywhere one perfect genius, Love!
One great entente, one harmony above;
Till wolfish hate be withered in Heaven's breeze.
Make way for ALL! I'm PAN! Down Jupiter! On your knees!"

Science and Poetry*

By Colonel Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., F.R.S.

TWENTY years ago I had the privilege of telling you about the great good fortune which had then just befallen Science when she discovered how malaria, that tyrant of the whole tropical world, maintains his empire over us; and years later I informed you, with some anger (as I remember), of the difficulties which we experienced in persuading our comfortable countrymen to employ that knowledge for the defeat of the enemy. I am now asked to address you upon a very different and perhaps mightier theme, that of Science and Poetry; and you may query at the outset what connection there is between all these matters, and what right have I, individually, to speak upon them.

In answer I would point out that this Institution, which for a hundred and twenty years has kept burning the Vestal Fire of the human intellect in this country—a fire which often smoulders so dimly in the hearts of our people—that this Institution has always upheld what I take to be the first charter of the spirit of man, the right to soar (or to sink) in whatsoever direction it please. The object of the Institution has always been to promote the study both of science and of literature. It does not concede to the fashion of the day that would fasten the blight of Indian caste upon us; that would make us either literary men or scientific men, either business men or professional men, either tinkers or tailors. And I will say this as a first approximation to my subject of Science and Poetry, that it is not only the right but the duty of the spirit to explore every direction, if only to learn the limits of things. In intellectual affairs, the cobbler shall not always stick to his own last, lest he become only a mere journeyman.

It is true that much specialisation is needed in order to reach technical perfection both in art and in science; but

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technical perfection should be only the flower of a tree the roots and branches of which spread on every side in the air and soil of experience. There is a limit to the merits of specialisation; nor should we agree with the dictum—which I have seen stated—that every great poet must be a professional poet, that is, a literary man; and that every man of science should concern himself only with test-tubes and microscopes. Still more do I abhor the superstition that every branch of every art and science should be further subdivided. This is not the teaching of history, so far as we possess the histories of the greatest men. As everyone knows, Michael Angelo was sculptor, painter, architect and poet. Leonardo da Vinci was painter, mathematician, mechanician, military engineer, and father of many inventions. Descartes created not only analytical geometry. When Peter Paul Rubens was ambassador in England an English courtier called on him and found him seated at his easel. "So his Excellency the Ambassador plays at being a painter," exclaimed the courtier. "No," replied Rubens: "his Excellency the painter plays at being an ambassador." In the days of Voltaire, philosophy contained all the sciences and discussed all the arts. Goethe commenced, not only a literature, but the theory of evolution. I wonder in what witch's-caldron of folly the absurdity was brewed that poetry and science are enemies? Indeed, it is never among the greater poets that we notice any antipathy to science, in its broadest or its narrowest sense. It is the lower type, of what may be called literary poetry, which, like much of our purely literary philosophy, endeavours to attack science.

And conversely as poets have been interested in science, so have men of science often written verse, and sometimes very good verse. The case of Francis Darwin is known to all; and many papers have been published on the medical poets. Edward Jenner, the great discoverer of the means of preventing one of the most horrible scourges of humanity, small-pox, was one of them; and Sir Humphry Davy, the brilliant chemist, the discoverer of a whole group of elements, the inventor of the safety-lamp, and one of the brightest stars of the Royal Institution, was such a fine poet that Coleridge said of him, "If Davy had not been the first Chemist, he would have been the first Poet of his age."

We read of Davy that when he was at school he developed a taste for telling stories, poetry, angling, and experimental science; that he was apprenticed to a surgeon, and entered upon an encyclopædic course of study. But I fancy that many scientific men, and, indeed, many others, have had a similar history; and, though I dare not mention names I suspect that even some of our most distinguished professors to-day have been guilty at least of a five-act blank verse drama in youth; while many poets have certainly secretly dabbled in chemistry and electricity. I admit for myself (though I dare not call myself either) that at the age of twelve I set forth to write a zoology which should contain all known species of animals (some millions, in numbers as it happens), with illustrations, and with a poem attached to many of the descriptions—as of the roaring of the lion at midnight, and of the snapping up of children on the banks of the Hugli by appalling crocodiles—and, indeed, some of these poems have been actually printed, much changed, in my Fables in 1907. This kind of thing, the fury of youth, is common to all of us; but why did Davy enter upon an encyclopædic course of study? What is really the psychology of such an ambition—which appears so dull to so many people? It is the basis of the psychology both of poetry and of science; and I suppose that everyone here, excepting perhaps the very wisest of us—whom I will not name—have suffered from it. Psychology, like charity, begins at home; and you may ask what was my own encyclopædic course of study, and why on earth I undertook it. Before I was twenty-five, I had not only progressed in my zoology, but had written two of the said five-act dramas, besides numerous lyrics; had modelled the figure of Prometheus chained to the rock; had commenced an oil-painting of the fall of the rebellious angels (in the manner of Michael Angelo); had composed a number of sonatas and songs; had passed through my medical curriculum; had seen something of life and sport, of land and sea; and, finally, carried away by reading a book on astronomy, had laboured right through the mathematical works of the ponderous Isaac Todhunter, F.R.S., and had created a theory of matter which has never been proved only because I could not solve the mathematical problem involved! This seems a large programme; but it is not

so; it is, with variations, the common programme of youth; and I suppose that many of you have had similar ones. But why do we take so much trouble? Does anyone really believe that young men do this kind of thing in the pursuit of knowledge—what, in order to keep stuffed facts in glass cases in the museum of the mind? Or do they do it out of vanity, as shallow psychologists (including the great Lord Verulam) declare?—why, as you are aware, if others had known of our ambitions we should have only been ridiculed for our pains. No, it is the force which makes every young man climb the first mountain he sees, in order to reach the top and look round. It is the force which makes the explorer, the big-game hunter, the arctic voyager, the inventor, the philosopher, the true statesman. It is the force which has been implanted in us by the evolution of ages, in order to perfect the human race. It is the force which creates both poetry and science. It is the force which leads us step by step out of the jungles, ever towards the final godhood of man. It is the prime and the sublime æsthetic element of the soul—the sense of beauty, the desire for perfection.

This is a matter worth your profound investigation, for both science and poetry are to-day being attacked by a generation of very poor criticism. Do you really imagine that science is concerned only with the discovery of petty utilities; art with the discovery of new tricks of technique; and literature with mean books written by, for, and about mean people? There are even certain schools which dare to maintain that both science and art have nothing to do with ethics, with teaching, with the advancement of the race. If this were the case I for one would have had nothing to do with either of them. I say, not art for art's sake, nor science for the sake of science, but both for humanity. In every great work of art which I have ever examined I see the didactic intention written large all over it. Art is science teaching us, not by means of saws and syllogisms, but by means of wise instances and great figures set within crystals of perfect and immortal beauty. It is this very didactic intention which divides great art from little art. Take, for example, what are perhaps the most enduring and universal of all forms of art, proverbs and maxims, the fairy-tales, folk-lore, and mythologies. The latter may

perhaps contain personifications of the dawn, the totem and tabu; but they contain much more of wise instruction; and my own feeling is that they are the relics of great poems invented long before the days of writing, in the vast dark ages of mankind, by the prophets and thinkers who lived then and who had no other means of communicating their wisdom. The mythology of Greece was created by Homers before Homer, and is a perpetual instruction which permeates us all even to-day. The court of Zeus, the labours of Heracles, the despair of Orpheus, are pictures of universal fact; and the punishment of Prometheus for giving fire from heaven to men, that is, the punishment of genius, is a story of which many actual instances may be mentioned. Then take the world's greatest literature—let us say, Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare. As I have argued elsewhere, these great men of science were, each in his own epoch and country, the first to commence the exposition of a branch of natural knowledge which, though it is of prime importance for all of us, has not yet even received a name. The *subscience* of this department of knowledge aims at collecting, classifying, and cataloguing the infinite varieties of character and circumstance found in human life; the *theory* of the science attempts to extract from the facts an explanation of human action; and the great final *synthesis* endeavours to give us a logical rule of virtue and conduct based upon the previous findings—just as, for instance, chemistry tells us how to make sulphuric acid out of certain elements. Now the only manner in which such a science can be taught to men is by way of stories which, though they may not actually have occurred as described, are really occurring over and over again—somewhat as Euclid's book was the first to crystallise geometry in sets of propositions with figures which are never actually found in Nature. The constructions of the men of science mentioned above are similarly idealised, partly for brevity and partly for fixing the attention of the public. With them as with Euclid this necessity demands crystallisation in the highest æsthetic sense, the perfection of form—a crystallisation which is known by the name of art. Fundamentally, however, all these works are works of science. The art lies only in their presentment.

The criticism of the day affects to deride all philo-

sophic and didactic intention and, in its small way, considers only the artistry of the surface. It is true that all these great works are immortal not only because of their philosophic and didactic intention but also because of their art of presentment. But the latter is only the servant of the former and not its master. You may exclaim against this: you may ask where is the science in the great lyrics, in those most poignant moments of passion or beauty which suddenly appear in dramatic, rhetorical, or descriptive literature? Where is the science, for example, in Gray's Elegy? I say that these moments are the final summations, the supreme integrations of the spirit. The Elegy is the integration of all the sights and sounds of an English summer evening and of the reflections connected with them, crystallised in a few lines of perfect form and music which remain in the memory for ever. It is art—yes: but it is not only art. Behind the art there is an almost divine summary of things. We see the same in all other arts. Music, although she has no words, teaches by the direct inspiration of beauty into us; and in the prime, and also the ultimate, sculpture of Greece we find not only the beauty of Nature, of the human form, but behind it the summary of the sculptor's mind—his ideal of the godhood of man. In short, the world's masterpieces consist, not of one thing, but of two things commingled together for our perpetual instruction, the spirit of discovery and the spirit of expression, or rather of instillation. Or, I may put it in this way. These forces are to the mind what the great Calculus is to Mathematics: Science, the Differential Calculus which separates, sub-divides, and analyses; and Poetry, the Integral Calculus which sums up. Nor is one ever complete without the other; and in my view—which is, I fear, contrary to much of the literary opinion of the day—the poet should begin by being the man of science, and the man of science by being a poet. And, in fact, this is what has occurred with many of the greatest men.

I should have liked to analyse the great scientific poems one by one (which has never yet been done), but I have been particularly asked to give in this lecture some of my own humble essays—perhaps only to show how easily my theories break down in my own practice! After the names which I have cited I scarcely dare even to mention that I

have ever made any efforts at all in this direction! But I must obey and do my best; and will therefore try to indicate very briefly the gradual development of my own thoughts both in science and in poetry—that is, my ideals.

In the year 1881 I had arrived in India, where like other young men, I was much struck by the difference between the civilisation there seen and that which I had just left, and was casting about in my mind to discover the cause. Although European civilisation was much more recent than that of the East it was clearly superior in many ways—though not in all—if only as proved by the fact that a handful of Englishmen, could, not alone maintain dominion over such a great country, but, could also give it innumerable benefits. I attributed this largely—and rightly—to our superior knowledge of Science. But if it was Science which had carried European civilisation so far forward, there seemed to me still to be something, not Science, but rather the opposite of Science, which had retarded Indian civilisation for centuries—because otherwise India should at least have kept abreast of Europe. This indeed is a very great problem, which our own science has scarcely yet begun to consider. We have no right to assume that civilisation always advances; often it stands still and even recedes—owing to some decadence; and it may recede in the Europe of to-morrow as it did in the India of yesterday. That is a terrible thought which I put into the following verses—written nearly forty years ago.

INDIA.

Here from my lonely watch-tower of the East
An ancient race outworn I see—
With dread, my own dear distant country, lest
The same fate fall on thee.

Lo, here the iron winter of curst caste
Has made men into things that creep;
The leprous beggars totter trembling past;
The baser sultans sleep.

Not for a thousand years has Freedom's cry
The stillness of this horror cleaved,
But as of old the hopeless millions die,
That yet have never lived.

Man has no leisure but to snatch and eat,
  Who should have been a god on earth;
The lean ones cry; the fat ones curse and beat;
  And wealth but weakens worth.

O Heaven, shall man, rebelling, never take
  From Fate what she denies, his bliss?
Cannot the mind that made the engine make
  A nobler life than this?

In the concluding stanza my whole philosophy of life began to emerge—"Cannot the mind which made the engine make a nobler life than this?" In short, I invoked Science to heighten civilisation and to prevent decadence. It is a philosophy derived from Epicurus, through Lucretius, Comte and Spencer, and culminating in the high and pure philosophy of Science of to-day. Both a passive but also an active philosophy—one which studies, not only how things are caused, but also how they may be bettered. I have never liked the passive philosophies, most of which appear to me to be as untrue as they are useless; and in 1890 I tried to figure the difference in a discussion between the spirits of Philosophy and Science, or rather of passive and active philosophy.

PHILOSOPHY.

The dreams of Hope, of blue-eyed Hope,
Melt after morn and die in day;
Love's golden dew-globe, lit aslope,
  Dulls with a downward ray;
Canst thou with all thy thought renew
The flying dreams or drying dew?

SCIENCE.

Not I creator. Hour by hour
I labour without stress or strife
To gain more knowledge, greater power,
  A nobler, longer life.
By thought alone we take our stand
Above the world and win command.

PHILOSOPHY.

Know, Knowledge doth but clip our wings,
And worldly Wisdom weaken worth,
To make us lords of little things,
  And worm-gods of the earth.
Were earth made Heaven by human wit,
Some wild star yet might shatter it.

SCIENCE.

The wings of Fancy are but frail,
And Virtue's without Wisdom weak;
Better than Falsehood's flowery vale,
  The Truth, however bleak.
Tho' she may bless not nor redeem,
The Truth is true, and reigns supreme.

PHILOSOPHY.

Not all, but few, can plead and prove
And crown their brows with Truth and pass;
Their little labours cannot move
  The mountain's mighty mass.
To man in vain the Truth appeals,
Or Heav'n ordains, or Art reveals.

SCIENCE.

So self-consuming thought. But see
The standards of Advance unfurl'd;
The buds are breaking on the lea,
  And Spring strikes thro' the world.
Tho' we may never reach the Peak,
God gave this great commandment, Seek.

The ideal here is the conquest of Nature and the perfectibility of man and of society by Science. It may lead to a Utopia, perhaps, but its Utopia, unlike some others, has the advantage of being practicable. It, like Milton's philosophy, "with no middle flight intends to soar"; but it does not intend to soar "above th' Aonian Mount," because indeed Truth can live no higher than there. And I therefore call it the Heliconian Philosophy—for reasons which will be indicated.

But it is the duty of those who hold this lofty creed themselves to work for the betterment of mankind. Now all this time, immersed in so many fine thoughts, I had somewhat neglected my finer duties, especially those concerned with that deity, Æsculapius, whom I had agreed, rather against my will, to follow. But as I have said in the preface to my book of poems, *Philosophies*, I now "began to be drawn toward certain thoughts which had occurred to me in my profession especially as to the cause of the widespread sickness and of the great misery and decadence of the people of India. Racked by poverty, swept by epidemics, housed in hovels, ruled by superstitions, they presented the spectacle of an ancient civilisation fallen for centuries into decay." The following verses summarise what I mean.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

Full fed with thoughts and knowledges sublime,
And thundering oracles of the gods, that make
Man's mind the flower of action and of time,
I was one day where beggars come to take
Doles ere they die. An Indian mother there,
Young, but so wretched that her staring eyes
Shone like the winter wolf's with ravening glare
Of Hunger, struck me. For to much surprise
A three-year child, well nourish'd, at her breast,
Wither'd with famine, still she fed and press'd—
For she was dying. "I am too poor," she said,
"To feed him otherwise"; and, with a kiss,
Fell back and died. And the soul answeréd,
"In spite of all the gods and prophets—this!"

Led, then, by this duty, in 1890 I determined to devote myself to a thorough investigation of at least one of the great diseases referred to—malaria; but honesty compels me to add at the outset that this work was only of secondary interest to me, and that I undertook it as a duty and at considerable loss to myself. Personally I much prefer literature, mathematics, and other studies, and am not a biologist, much less a medical man, by any natural proclivity. The following lines better indicate why I commenced the enterprise:—

INDIAN FEVERS.

In this, O Nature, yield I pray to me.
I pace and pace, and think and think, and take
The fever'd hands, and note down all I see,
That some dim distant light may haply break.

The painful faces ask, Can we not cure?
We answer, No, not yet; we seek the laws.
O God, reveal thro' all this thing obscure
The unseen, small, but million-murdering cause.

But I did not know at the time that *seeking the laws* in this case would mean heavy toil for some seven years at least; and, still less, that success was to be obtained only by the most extraordinary good luck, without which we should, I think, have been still seeking in vain. Success was also due, I think, to the fact that the scientific work was first carefully designed, just as a work of art ought to be.

My own personal feelings during this long investigation—a series of disheartening failures until success was finally reached—have been set forth in my suite of verses

called "In Exile," a part of my *Philosophies*. It is a unique poem, I believe, in one respect, that it was written *pari passu* with a laborious scientific investigation; but it was not *intended* to be a scientific poem. On the contrary, I proposed merely to give expression to my own summaries of things in India, as I experienced them one after the other. What happened was this, that most of the stanzas not connected with my malaria work were left unfinished, and that when these fragments were cast out the remainder took the form of an intense scientific drama, certainly not originally designed by me—a drama concerned with the life and death, not of a hero and a heroine, but of millions of people. I think I should tell you this because it is connected with the subject of this lecture; but you would not thank me for attempting to declaim the drama to-night, and I will repeat only a few lines of it which bear especially upon our theme. The following describe the scientific spirit.

IN EXILE.

I hold with them who see
  Nor only idly stand,
The deed of thought to be
  Worth many deeds of hand.

Ever as we journey sink
  The old behind the new,
And Heav'n commands we think
  As justly as we do.

One golden virtue more
  Than virtue we must prize,
One iron duty more
  Than duty, to be wise.

Who to himself hath said,
  "This chamber must be closed;
This tract of truth I dread,
  This darkness God-imposed

May not be lifted," keeps
  An ever-open door
Thro' which deception creeps,
  Confounding more and more,

Until to wild extremes
  Of falsehood driven he dies,
Intoxicate with dreams
  And drunk with a thousand lies.

If with unshaken will,
  Resolving not to stray,
But to be rising still,
  We clamber day by day

From truth to truth, at last,
  In valleys of the night
Not lost, we know the vast
  And simple upper light,

Only one labouring knows.
  The base, tumultuous wreck
Of rock and forest shows;
  The summit, a single peak.

So sought, so seen, so found.
  And what the end so high?
A summit splendour crown'd
  Between the earth and sky,

Where with sidereal blaze
  The mistless planets glow,
And stars unsully'd gaze
  On unpolluted snow.

No strife the vast reveals,
  But perfect peace indeed—
The thunder of spinning wheels
  At rest in eternal speed.

The following sonnetelle (as I call the groups of three stanzas) was a first draft of one written on the 21st August, 1897, the day after that on which I discovered the parasites of malaria in mosquitoes.

This day relenting God
  Hath placed within my hand
A wondrous thing; and God
  Be praised. At His command,

Seeking His secret deeds
  With tears and toiling breath,
I find thy cunning seeds,
  O million-murdering Death.

I know this little thing
  A myriad men will save.
O Death, where is thy sting?
  Thy victory, O Grave?

I have not attempted to correct the poor technique of this first draft, but subsequently added two lines left blank in my note-book. Perhaps the subject of the stanzas may excuse their imperfections! After all, that victory over a disease which slays every year many more than a million

people may be thought worth commemorating in some kind of verse!

My book, *Philosophies*, concludes with three lyrics, written in a special music of rhythm and euphony (which you may not like.) I call them my pæans of victory.

MAN.

Man putteth the world to scale
  And weigheth out the stars;
Th' eternal hath lost her veil,
  The infinite her bars;
His balance he hath hung in heaven
  And set the sun therein.

He measures the lords of light
  And fiery orbs that spin;
No riddle of darkest night
  He dares not look within;
Athwart the roaring wrack of stars
  He plumbs the chasm of heaven.

The wings of the wind are his;
  To him the world is given;
His servant the lightning is,
  And slave the ocean, even;
He scans the mountains yet unclimb'd
  And sounds the solid sea.

With fingers of thought he holds
  What is, or e'er can be;
And, touching it not, unfolds
  The sealèd mystery.
The pigmy hands, eyes, head God gave
  A giant's are become.

But tho' to this height sublime
  By labour he hath clomb,
One summit he hath to climb,
  One deep the more to plumb—
To rede himself and rule himself,
  And so to reach the sum.

LIFE.

From birth to death the life of man
  Is infinite on the earth,
To know and do that which he can
  And be what he is worth.

Our mortal life, however wrought,
  Eternity is indeed;
For every moment brings a thought,
  And every thought's a deed;

And that is so much infinite
  Which may be divided much;
And if we live with might and mirth
  Our human life is such.

For him who has not might and mirth
  That which is not now is never;
And he who can live well on earth
  Does live in heaven for ever.

WORLD-SONG.

O Vision inviolate, O Splendour supernal,
  We stand in Thy white light like lamps alit in day;
Before Thee, Omnipotent, in sight of Thy glory,
  Our countenance is withered like stars in the sun.

Before Thee our symphonies are still'd into silence;
  Thy wisdom we wot not nor ever shall we know;
But from Thy high throne, O God, Thy voice and Thy thunder
  In utterance reiterate give glory and strength.

These songs are the integrations of my philosophy, which is, I hope, both true and useful. My integrations of human life and character, however, are contained in a romance, *The Revels of Orsera*, commenced thirty years ago, and just published (as my other literary efforts have been) by Mr. Murray. In this I have tried to analyse character into its constituent elements and to set forth each element by itself in apposition. I will leave you to disentangle that simplification! I add (as another advertisement) that I hope soon to publish some of my verses in phonetic spelling, because I think that our present spelling does not adequately render the rich and varied euphony of our language.*

Seven years ago, on the Greek Easter Sunday, I was in the Valley of the Muses on Mount Helicon, and saw the ruins of the Temple of the Muses there. Beside us ran Hippocrene, the fountain which gushed from the hoof-mark of the winged horse Pegasus; the birthplace of Hesiod was close at hand; and the summits of Parnassus glowed in the sunlight between the black rocks of the gorge. At that spot and in the age which was perhaps the greatest in

* But I cannot explain in this lecture my ideals regarding artistry, as distinct from art. Another song of triumph, my "Indian Shepherds," was published in the ENGLISH REVIEW for September, 1913.

human history, not one but all the Muses were worshipped there, and the Heliconian Philosophy was born. But now the pillars of the temple are all tumbled to earth, and only the ancient pavements remain. Even these are desecrated; for great tortoises and other reptiles sun themselves upon them; herds of hogs wander grunting and quarrelling over them; and, instead of the songs of the Muses, we hear legions of asses braying to each other across the valley! I hope you note the parable—which is not of my making. I have tried to put it and some of my previous arguments into this sonnet.

THE SIGNPOST.

Adventurous Stranger, who dost dare to climb
Huge Helicon: Remember and mark well
What every several Muse may deign to tell,
If thou would'st hear Their symphony some time.
Not who hymn heaven always roll the rhyme—
Who scan th' unutterable stars, fortell;
But haply as each far-fired pinnacle
Fumeth at sunrise, sing Their song sublime.

But if thou be too proud, thou shalt be thrown
To dismal valleys where foul fog distills,
And the thick tortoise clambers to the stone,
The root-up-routing hog his belly fills,
And asses bray their wisdom to th' eternal hills.

Some years later, that is, two and a half years ago (December 16, 1917), I visited the oracle of Apollo at Delphi two days after we had been torpedoed off the island of Ithaca and the Rock of Sorrow; and in my imagination I asked the god what was the cause of the war. These verses, published soon afterwards describe the circumstances,* and his reply!

* We were torpedoed off Ithaca at 8 a.m., and our ship, the old French cruiser *Chateau Renault*, was sunk. We escaped on our escorting torpedo-boat destroyers; and then proceeded to attack the submarines with depth-charges, as they could not easily escape in the land-locked bay. We think we sank one by gun-fire; and then certainly brought up another one by means of a depth-charge and sank her (200 yards from the destroyer *Mameluc* in which I was) by shells, and rescued 18 of her crew. Two aeroplanes which arrived on the scene shortly after we had been torpedoed participated in the hunt, together with another French destroyer, a transport and a number of drifters. We arrived at our destination, Itéa near Delphi, the same day, about two hours late, on December 14, 1917.

LINES.

Between the grim Leucadian Rock of Woe
(Where Sappho sank) and storied Ithaca,
At morning the deep-lurking Murderer smote us
Thrice, and the great ship groan'd and plunged. But soon
Our long lean War-Hounds, gnashing teeth of rage,
Scour round and round to seek him, and the sea
Boils with their charges, bursting far below.
Sudden upchurnèd like a wounded whale,
Th' Assassin sees the sun and meets his doom;

For now made visible he becomes our prey—
We rip him with swift shells—he sinks head-first.
Then all the classic sea is strewn with Huns—
Pink faces clamouring for our mercy, loud
To get what they give not: our soldiers rage
To let them drown, but still we drag them forth.
Two giant sea-planes, come too late to save us,
Acclaim our victory; and our crowded ships
Leap forward for the Delphian Shore.

We reach'd the Delphian Shore, we climb'd the Cleft
Castalian. Ruin'd all the sacred grove,
And silent the stern faces of the rocks.
But seven eagles, circling through the gorge
Gave omen like the spirits of the gods
Departed; and, like questioners of old,
My doubtful heart demanded one reply:
Great god Apollo, why this dreadful strife?
And in the night the far-heard answer came.

APOLLO'S REPLY.

I taught this lesson unto minds of worth
That man himself should be the god of earth,
Even like Me, omniscient and bright,
In perfect wisdom, perfect beauty dight.
But men would not be taught
And, climbing higher, fell—
A fancied heaven sought
But reach'd a real hell.
Now in their folly school'd
They find what they desire—
By evil idols ruled,
To die in blood and mire.

At least, this is what Apollo would have said if he had deigned to answer at all! By the "evil idols" he would have meant, not only the Militarism and the Politicalism which caused the war, but also the whole brood of that parent idol, Nescience or Non-Intellectualism. Men suffer chiefly because they still worship these false gods, and "despise those plain earthly teachers, Reason, Work, and Discipline." On the other hand, the figures of Apollo,

Pallas Athene, and the Muses are the personifications of the great intellectual virtues, which have raised us from the barbaric state. Ah, it is a long time since they were worshipped on those mountains, and in those valleys of ancient Greece! Is the world so much better since then—much wiser, much greater? I am not so very sure; but if so, the advance has been due to them, and perhaps still more to the teaching of Him of Nazareth. In our philosophy we shall obey them all; not this nor that, but all. The ideal may be distant—though haply not so distant as some may fear; and I cannot describe it here in detail. But the only ideal worth having is one which we can always approach—but never reach.

To sum up, then, Science and Poetry dwell together. We shall reach Truth by seeking Beauty; and Beauty by seeking Truth. Nor shall we attain one without the other; for they live hand in hand on those far-fired pinnacles. For me, at least, Poetry is not a mere matter of words, a temporary heat of the heart, a wandering strain, the altar-fume of a cult of cloistered criticism. It is a record and a monument for humanity, meant to endure until, as Shelley said, the future dares forget the past. It is the inscription of all experience, the record of all things seen, the tablet of the heart, the epitaph of suffering, the song of the thing done, the pæan of victory. Poetry is the breath of Action climbed to the summit; Thought on the peak; Philosophy in music more divine; the perfected utterance of the Human Spirit. On the peak I say; for it is only there that Poetry is heard.

Letters: Posted and Unposted (ii)

By Constance Malleson

UNPOSTED

8

EDWARDES SQUARE,
October 21st, 1918.

WHEN we met this morning, you told me that I was looking unhappy. You asked me if it was your fault.

My dear, when I told you "No," it was, in a way, the truth. For how could you have guessed at all those words of hidden caring? How could you have guessed at the strong undercurrent of my heart's desire? How could you possibly have understood the whole wild vortex of pent-up feeling that the touch of your hand had let loose?

"No, it wasn't your fault."

"Still, I want you to forget, all that."

And you looked straight into my eyes, and you said, quite decisively, "I can't."

Though my heart leapt at the sound of those words, I knew it wasn't the truth. Not for one moment did I let myself believe that it was the truth. I repeated: "You can and you must, forget."

But still—we don't part. You are so infinitely lovable! In your gentler moments there's a tentative charm about you that just wrings my heart. And your eyes, your eyes haunt me. There are dreams behind them; dreams, and a great hunger.

And so, instead of going away to the Kentish marshes, instead of walking the straight white road from Appledore to Rye, I shall fling myself into fresh work. But still the thought of you will tremble in my heart.

9

EDWARDES SQUARE,
October 29th, 1918.

All this week I have thrown myself into work, hoping half-heartedly that I would learn not to care, and strangling half-heartedly the hope that you might, at last, come to

care. And now, my dear, I've begun to understand how very little I mean to you, and my heart has hardened. I've worked more and held my head higher. Very great pain is stimulating, because to fight it takes the whole of one's effort and strength.

Pain—A year ago, almost to a day, I lay on my back in hospital, and in the next room was a woman with yards of tubing in her. Every day or two the surgeon would come and pull a little of it out; and with every pull, her shrieking rent the air and merged into my own pain. It was like a very long battle, and the enemy kept pushing and pushing, so steadily. My pain, then, was dull and insistent. I lay moaning under the heavy burden of it; it grew and grew, it wrung deep grunts from me as I made my mind and body hard for endurance. Pain, like a net, held me down; then, turning to acute agony, it rose all about my body and up past my forehead, quenching my eyes, engulfing me. My mind was so tired. Before that, all the time before, I'd been shutting out the thought of death, trying not to let that one persistent thought take hold of me. And I did succeed. Dying is, after all, so simple. It's just like puncturing a tyre and letting the air escape. And anyhow, in those days, all life had gone stale . . .

It was soon after that time, that you first saw me act. You saw me across the footlights just once before we met. Now, when I have found a little strength, you've come back to me again. You've come—and gone.

To-day I met you at the box-office, and you asked if you might come and see me this afternoon, and I looked at you with surprised indifference, and said, very reluctantly, that you might come. Out in the open air, though my whole being was stirred to the uttermost at the thought of seeing you—yet, beneath it all, my definite purpose remained: "This thing is no good. It must end. I myself will end it." Cold, hard, self-protective and very strong, I came home to wait for you. There was just one way out. The way of friendship. And that, I knew you would reject.

And so you came. You followed me into my room, and stayed standing behind my chair as I sat down. My heart was beating, it pulsed in great waves through the whole of my body, it beat up behind my very eyes. For one moment I felt I might fail. Turning to you: "What

do you suppose my state of mind has been this last week?" I asked half humorously. Then, quite steadily, I went on:

"This thing's got to end. It hurts too much—I can't stand the pain. And I can't feel lightly about you, either. You see—you stir the very depths of love in me." I sat looking away from you, my face propped in my hands. You came and knelt beside me; your clasped hands rested on my knees; your lifted face looked up into mine:

"Can't you just kiss and forget?" I shook my head: "That's only drugs. You can't live on a drug a week." You told me that you could never care for me as you cared for . . . . someone else. You hadn't told *Her* about me. You didn't really want to. I think you would have, if I'd asked it. But I wouldn't ask anything of you. I left you quite, quite free.

The most difficult things said, I made you sit in the big chair, and I came and sat beside you on the arm of it.

"I've thought this thing up and down. I've been over it again and again, backwards and forwards, crossways, every way; and there's no other way out." Oh, there was a gentle, troubled look in your eyes when I said that!

Sitting a little above you, I looked down and just touched your hair with the tips of my fingers. Of a sudden, like the irresistible and overwhelming impulse that makes one want to throw one's self from the edge of high cliffs into the sea below, so did I long to bend down and sweep you up into my arms, and utterly give in. But one doesn't throw one's self over cliffs—— So I sat quite still while all my hard resolve melted away. Then, out of a great emptiness I said what I always, at all times, have come back to: "I should never kill myself, because I should always want to see . . . the sunset . . . . and feel the wind against my face—and hear the kindly greetings of country people passing on the roads."

I took you to the door:

"Please go now—and whatever happens, don't ever think that I didn't, really, care."

10

EDWARDES SQUARE,
October 30th, 1918.

And so, my dear, we have come together and we have parted; and now, at last, this long day is over. The first

of how many—— How many days until I forget you? With the deepening night, such infinite longing forces itself into me. It is like a steel rod being driven through my body. It holds me crucified. Will it be so every night? If there were a God, I would cry to Him to take this agony from me—and yet it is more myself than I am. I would rather live eternally in torture, than have my love for you die out. And my instinct *won't* give you up. It is ruthless and destructive in its desire to make you care, to make you fierce with a god-like fury that rends heaven and earth, and crashes and echoes down the years.

* * * * *

How can we part? To-night, I feel we can't. You must come to care, you must, you will.

And yet—I couldn't face the desolation, the rack, the ruin, the misery it would bring on others if you did. But that's not the whole truth, either. If I thought you really cared, I could face anything; but you don't, *and I won't let myself make you care*, though I could——

Standing in my little hall in the gathering darkness, you said: "I shall always want you."

But I *love* you. I want everything, or nothing—so I say, now, when I am near you, working with you. But when that is over, when from day to day I never see your face, when weeks pass and there comes no word of you, when it is borne in upon me that everything is over, finished, done—shall I come to you out of that awful loneliness, and beg the touch of your hand? No, my dear, I'll not come to you like that. I don't mind your knowing my agony, but I'll not come to you to be healed.

* * * * * * *

When we parted, I said it was because I didn't propose to go all to pieces; because I couldn't stand the long times when I never had you to myself; and because at all costs one must keep vigorous. So we said good-bye in my little hall, and as the darkness gathered, I gave you your old trench coat, and for one moment I took your face in my two hands, and "I love every line of your face," I said, and then I sent you away.

II

EDWARDES SQUARE,
November 1st, 1918.
My birthday!

Another day gone—O my dear, it's been hard, and I'm tired out. In my mind, there's only one picture always—You. I sit looking at the empty armchair, where you've sat perhaps a dozen times in all, and shutting my eyes, you seem so real that I feel you with me, here in my room. I can see you sitting there, leaning forward to warm your hands in front of the little gas stove; and turning your head, your hand goes out, and there's a half wistful look in your eyes. And I want just to kneel down on the floor and press my face against your knee, and stay quite quiet, knowing you near, and holding your hand. But you won't ever know how much I want to feel your fingers tightly twisted through mine.

To-night, when I couldn't at last bear my room any more, I went out with a mad desire for just one hour's peace. I had such a longing to be in the open air; to be alone among the silent streets and deserted houses, to feel the wind lying fresh against my face, to let the infinite depth of the night sky penetrate far into my soul.

But as I went, I began to feel that there was walking with me the whole vast and sombre army of unhappy humanity. On they came, dark rank upon dark rank, and the ground throbbed to the muffled tread of their sullen feet, beating, breaking, bursting with a roar, like distant thunder on the night. And as I stopped to let them pass —(my dear, I wanted to forget!)—I saw that they were all dumb; their eyes and their mouths and their hands were dumb. And the one who led them had terrible white hair, and he went backwards laughing and shrieking and prancing like an idiot in the night; and as he went, he jabbed into the air with a red flag, and it floated overhead like a great flame of blood and agony. . . . Then, I heard myself groaning, and I was standing in Whitehall in the middle of the wide pavement in front of the War Office, and tears were streaming down my face; they came so easily and so fast, and I felt as if all my knotted nerves were being unwound and whisked away as a conjurer whisks different coloured paper out of a top hat, and twirls it round and

round his stick. I felt so giddy that I sat down on the War Office steps, and just cried and cried.

When I was all relaxed, I got up and walked to Westminster Bridge, and stood looking down at the river. It was smooth and velvety, and the bright lights all along, reflected in it like gold stars caught in the black coils of a sea serpent. Then, when Big Ben struck midnight, leaving Westminster behind, I went creeping across the bridge, creeping to your side of the river, to the half-deserted street where for years your great rambling house has stood unchanged, alone. I crept along by the railings, and waiting there, I looked across the road at your lighted window.

In your garden the statue of the winged Victory loomed up, and I could almost count the few remaining leaves that hung trembling on the plane trees. There wasn't a single star in the sky, nor any clouds, only a gentle greyness veiling the whole earth. And it was but a few steps across the road to where you were, behind that lighted window; yet no image of you came into my mind; no impulse seized me to knock on your door. I felt that all the blood in my body had turned to water, and that weakness ran in every vein. I pressed against the tall iron rails, and like the shrivelled leaves, I trembled a moment, and then I too passed, drifting by on the wind.

12

EDWARDES SQUARE,
November 3rd, 1918.

To-night, I came across a letter written by Edmund John. It was written from Devonshire. I think it was one of the last letters he ever wrote from there. After describing the country "the eternal dreaming hills, the deep valleys," he says:

"Somehow one wishes in such circumstances to blot out all the wild years behind one, and to know never again that sort of mental fever which seems inseparable from such temperaments as mine. Beauty always makes me sad. I think it must be one's soul realizing the impossibility of attaining the Perfect Thing seen afar off."

* * * * * * *

To blot out "the wild years," "the mental fever," and as he quotes, "the fret of the soul."

That is so exactly what I felt, my dear, when Maurice Maynard brought me to your house last night. I came

unwillingly, wondering if I could bear to see you in your own home, to see the real, the fundamental You. Your soldier servant opened the door, and I looked across the great dark hall into your study. It was dimly lit, and warm firelight flickered against the walls and ceiling. You were sitting at your big table, working. Your room was full of the thought of *Her*; full of warmth and quiet peace, and a great happiness. I felt a stranger in that room. I knew that I belonged outside in the bitter darkness; outside in the storm of things.

(*To be continued.*)

British Snipers (ii)

An Account of the Training and Organisation of Snipers in the British Armies in France

By Major E. Penberthy

The Former Commandant of the Third Army Sniping School

It would take a very large space to describe fully the course at these schools. Officers and men were given, as far as time permitted, a very sound and practical groundwork in Scouting, Observation and Sniping.

The intensive character of the training is obvious when such a range of subjects was covered in ten days by students who in most cases had never seen a military map, a prismatic compass or an aeroplane photo, in their lives before.

This work was done at all seasons and in all weathers. It was not unusual for the whole class to crawl about on hands and knees on muddy ground, in pouring rain and pitch darkness, in order to become accustomed to the strenuous and exhausting nightwork demanded in trench warfare.

Later the training in nightwork was greatly helped by a clever invention consisting of large goggles with smoked eye-pieces. Wearing these even in the brightest light one got almost the same effect as a dark night. This method also had the advantage of enabling part of the class to stand by and watch the others at work, thereby seeing and noting mistakes or correct methods in a manner which would be impossible at night.

When the King visited my school he was much interested in this device, trying a pair of the goggles himself and watching a demonstration in their use by what was a really Imperial patrol, consisting of a soldier from each of Canada, Australia, South Africa, Scotland, England and Ireland.

When the Americans arrived a large number of their officers and men passed through our schools and were dis-

tinguished by their passionate desire to learn all they could, in order, as more than one said to me, to make up for lost time.

They started sniping schools of their own, modelled on ours, and in most cases partly staffed by British instructors in sniping. They even borrowed some of our officers to go to America and give instruction at the training camps there.

When the schools had been at work for some time a definite organisation of snipers in each battalion was instituted. Previously the number of snipers in any particular battalion depended mostly on the keenness of the Commanding Officer. Some battalions had as many as thirty snipers. Others were content with two or three. One Division organised a Divisional Sniping Company, and in several Brigades the snipers were withdrawn from the battalions and formed a Brigade Sniping Company.

At length G.H.Q. summoned a conference of Sniping Instructors and a uniform establishment was laid down for all battalions and the Intelligence Officer (who commanded and trained the snipers) was for the first time placed upon the establishment as such.

The next phase in the organisation of snipers was to decide on the best methods for their employment in the attack as well as their duties in trenches. When movement began on a large scale and detailed operation orders for every sort of weapon were issued, the snipers were at first overlooked altogether. They seemed to have been regarded as only essential to trench warfare, and no special duties were assigned to them in the attack.

This point had not been overlooked in the schools, where very definite plans were laid down for the employment of snipers in the attack. In fact, apart from my work at the school, I gave scores of lectures at Commanding Officers' Conferences and to meetings of younger officers at various Brigade Headquarters.

We always taught that, whatever duties the sniper did in trench warfare, his principal value was in the attack, and this was eventually recognised.

What lectures failed to impress was driven home later by experience in action. The Boche demonstrated time after time the value he set on *his* sharpshooters. In Mametz Wood, for instance, he fought a rearguard action entirely by

means of snipers in positions selected beforehand, effectively delaying our attack while his main body escaped.

In the later stages of the war every platoon commander had (or was supposed to have) at least two men in his platoon trained as scouts, observers, and snipers, and these men did invaluable work. They were distinguished by a green band on the left sleeve.

So, from beginning as a freelance, the British sniper developed into a valuable controlled weapon in the hands of the Commander of the fighting unit, the platoon.

One notable organisation which cannot be omitted from such an account as this is "Lovat's Scouts." These men were organised by Lord Lovat. The original idea was to employ them as snipers. They were recruited in the Highlands and selected for their peace-time skill in stalking and shooting. Their lifelong training made them excellent observers, especially with the telescope—expert "glass men," as they are called. The majority of them were also expert shots. Unfortunately, a specialised unit of this kind could not be kept together in the field, and it was felt to be equally impossible to distribute them in twos and threes amongst many different battalions.

They were finally used as Corps Observers—a certain number being drafted to each Corps Headquarters and attached to the Intelligence branch. Here their skill as marksmen was subordinated to their remarkable powers of observation, and much of the valuable information about enemy movements in his back areas was gathered by Lovat's Scouts.

It is also interesting to note that the foundations laid by pre-war training as Boy Scouts fitted large numbers of young soldiers for Scouting and Observation in the field. This proves beyond question the sound principles on which that great world-wide organisation of General Baden Powell's is based.

The "regular" officer is notably very conservative, and at first he regarded sniping with the same cold eye that he applied to tanks, bombing, Lewis guns and other devices introduced after the war began. It took a considerable amount of persistent campaigning to secure the various steps which brought the organisation of Snipers, Scouts and Observers to the high pitch it reached towards the end.

In this war the telescopic-sighted rifle was officially recognised for the first time as a special weapon for snipers. The Germans had adopted it and trained men in its use eight years before 1914.

An officer named Ross used a sporting rifle with a telescopic sight in defending a number of women and children in the Indian Mutiny. There is to-day in the N.R.A. museum at Bisley a rifle fitted with such a sight, which was used in the American Civil War.

When the Government decided to supply telescopic-sighted rifles for snipers in this war, the supply in the United Kingdom was very limited, and, seeing that the supply of German optical glass was not available, the difficulty of making more had to be overcome. Although it took a long time and much research work, a glass was eventually made for optical purposes which is claimed to be as good as or even better than the German glass. As much of this had to be utilised for big-gun sights, telescopes and other optical instruments, the work of making telescopic rifle sights for the Army was unavoidably slow, and even just before the Armistice supplies were only to be obtained with great difficulty.

The first rifles so fitted which arrived in France were provided with a very motley collection of sights. Some we proved quite useless for war purposes, and finally, with the help of experiments in the schools, which were fitted with special armourers' workshops staffed by specially trained optical armourers, all but the useful types were eliminated and only three types retained.

Eventually a Government sight was evolved combining the good qualities of all three, and these were beginning to arrive in November, 1918.

We were supposed to teach in ten days what normally I personally would not undertake in peace-time to do under six months.

To illustrate the trouble caused by insufficient knowledge, this story will serve: The officers of a certain battalion subscribed money amongst themselves to buy a sporting rifle fitted with a telescopic sight. No one knew much, if anything, about the adjustment. After it had been in use for a few weeks, and not particularly well cared for, an expert examined it and informed the officers that it had

got so badly out of adjustment that it was striking two feet right and three feet high from the point of aim at two hundred yards. One of the officers immediately replied, "Oh! That explains what happened yesterday. I was aiming at that loophole plate over there and a Hun sniper fell out of that tree to the right of it."

The Army rifle itself comes in for some comment, if not criticism. Considering the vast number turned out in such a limited time, it is indeed remarkable that the average inaccuracy was so small, but for *sniping*—that is, putting one or two shots accurately on a very small target, the rifle *must* be above the average. All rifles brought by students were tested at the schools and thousands of adjustments were made. I am speaking now of the short Lee-Enfield, the ordinary service rifle. Such defects as too high or too low a foresight, loose backsight, worn or bulged barrel, single pull, weak trigger spring, etc., were looked for and corrected before a man's shooting was tested at all.

Towards the summer of 1918 snipers were being gradually supplied with what is known as the 1914 pattern rifle, which has a peep-sight, and the men seemed to prefer them.

The Ross rifle of the Canadians, which has also a peep-sight, although withdrawn from general use, was preferred by the Canadian snipers.

It seems desirable that the Army of the future should be supplied with a certain number of specially selected and tested rifles for sharpshooters if a high standard of individual accuracy is to be maintained.

The question of finding suitable places for constructing ranges in each Army area had to be solved in a rough-and-ready fashion which would horrify those familiar with the extreme precautions for safety taken in range-building at home. A high natural bank as a back stop, with very little work beyond digging a trench at the foot of it for the markers, were the principal features. In my own case, I know that stray bullets and ricochets often fell in fields where peasants were working, and on one occasion an old lady, living beyond the hill where our range was situated, complained that a bullet had come through a door and smashed a picture in her sitting-room. She was very apologetic, and explained that although bullets came into her orchard and caused her workpeople to refuse to work

there, she did not feel inclined to trouble us, but now the affair was "becoming serious."

On one of our ranges we fired across a valley, and the farm-workers, mostly old women, calmly carried on with their work between the firing-point and the targets quite unconcernedly, although bullets whistled continually over them. Yet, in spite of all the possibilities, not a single accident happened for all the hundreds and thousands of shots fired. It is true two cows were shot, but that was done by a Lewis gun in a practice attack.

The price of dead cattle went up enormously at once, of course, and the Lewis gunner stated that cows were thereafter tethered in likely places to be shot. On one occasion I had some difficulty in keeping the whole class from taking pot-shots at a wild boar which suddenly appeared near the butts.

I also had complaints that some of my students went partridge shooting with rifles in the evening. But, on the whole, the French put up with a great deal of inconvenience and even danger, which I know would not have been regarded so complacently in England.

Nemesis

By Robert Briffault

The world is suffering to-day—more profoundly perhaps than at any previous period in history. It is not to mere physical misery, to hunger and pain, to the drawn faces and starving children of Central Europe, that I refer. Despite the dislocation and dilapidation of our civilised order, there is probably no epoch of the past that could not have shown a larger quantum of physical suffering than the present. Ours is a deeper suffering, a more searching sickness. It is not in any single aspect of our present world that it is manifested, but in all; the town and the street evince the signs of the same malady as the map and the mob. Our international political situation is chaos beyond the dreams of confusion; our social situation is a rumbling volcano spreading broadcast panic; our economic situation is desperate; our ethics are in dissolution, morality is non-existent, crime is epidemic; the family, "the foundation of society," waits in queues at the doors of the Divorce Court. In our very hearts is a blank lethargy that has passed beyond emotional despair; our art, our literature reflect it in their impotence, and are economically crushed by the indifference of a joyless world. Our very pleasures, our luxury and revelry, testify in the recklessness of their attempt to drown it in excitement and noise, to the sickness that weighs upon our vitals.

It would clearly be idle to regard those manifestations as separate phenomena. The international chaos, the social chaos, the ethical and spiritual chaos, the intellectual and artistic chaos, are aspects of one and the same disorder. To interpret it in terms of incidental, accidental, and occasional causes, the circumstances of the hour, the political and social configuration, the paltering folly of our governors, the war itself, the economic strain, is no less superficial. The crisis that is taking place before our eyes is much more fundamental; it is the resultant of the most

basic laws that operate through the complexity and manifoldness of human affairs. It is not merely one of those recurrent phases of depression, of re-adjustment, which mark the cyclic course of human evolution, that we are witnessing; but a climacteric in the process itself, involving a profound change in the very mode of its operation. The human world is suffering to-day from the crumbling of the very foundations on which it has been built.

Broadly and fundamentally regarded—and it is the broadest and most fundamental view alone that can avail us in our present need—the situation is this:—The human world in all its aspects, political, social, ethical, spiritual, æsthetic, has been built upon fictitious conventions, once held sacred, held at the worst to be expedient and convenient. *Those conventions are to-day no longer believed.* That, and no less, is the appalling gravity of the situation. The very ground upon which the world stood is cracking and sagging beneath it. For it is an absolute and rudimentary law that no human action can proceed except upon a belief; not a step can a human organism take except upon confident belief in the solidity of the ground upon which he treads. Belief in the foundation upon which the edifice of the human world has been built having now passed away, it is impossible for that world to carry on.

The world is suffering to-day from the Nemesis of the age-long accumulation of its unveracities. For some six thousand years it has built on unveracities. That has been the inevitable consequence of the mode of its organisation.

Properly speaking, it has never been "organised" at all, that is, adjusted in view of the collective needs and desires of its constituent elements; it has been conquered, subjugated, and its powers utilised for the benefit of the conquerors. That is the only form of "organisation" that has ever obtained. In our own "democratic" age that fact is as clearly manifest as ever. Power to-day consists in the control of wealth,—that is, of production and distribution. And production and distribution do not take place in view of supplying the needs of mankind, but in view of producing dividends. Boots are not made that human beings may be shod, but that dividends may accrue; restaurants are not run to feed you, but to produce dividends; houses are not built to house you, but to produce dividends; theatres do

not exist to entertain or inspire you, but to produce dividends; coal is not produced to supply warmth and motive power, but dividends; railway-systems and great shipping enterprises have not for their object the distribution of food and materials, but the production of dividends.

As of production and distribution, so necessarily of every idea, of every value, of every principle upon which the human world is founded. Human organisation has been effected by Oriental priests, and the ideas of Oriental priests have become foundations of society, human organisation has been effected by war-lords, and the ideas of war-lords and empire-builders have become foundations of society; human organisation has been effected by slave-owners and women-owners, and the ideas of slave-owners and women-owners have become foundations of society; human organisation has been effected by racial aristocracies and the ideas of racial nationalism have become foundations of society; human organisation has been effected by manipulators of wealth, and the ideas of accumulators of property and profiteers have become foundations of society.

Those foundations of society, those ideas, those formulas, those values, are true only in relation to the point of view of the powers that created them. They were once not only believed but revered with awe, they were the fire and fuel of the human soul, the motive power of the human world. During ages of thought they have to prying and inquisitive thinkers lost their glamour; meddlesome and solitary explorers have dug round those foundations and found them to be hollow. From being universally regarded as sacred and axiomatic, they came to be regarded as expedient, useful, beneficent, convenient, indeed indispensable—for were they not "the foundations of society"? They were not to be looked into too curiously, they were to be safeguarded "for the use of the ignorant multitude." Even but yesterday our academic philosophers have done yeoman's work in the service of the foundations of society by setting forth the philosophy of Pragmatism, viz., that what proves expedient and convenient, what "works," is thereby true.

The unrealities upon which the human world was founded were for a long time pragmatically true; they were not, indeed, believed because they "worked," but they

"worked" because they were believed. Priests, kings, leaders of nations, aristocracies, princes of industry and of commerce, moved mountains by means of faith. And their philosophers, from priest to pragmatist, argued plausibly that what was capable of moving mountains *ought* therefore to be believed. But it is not on any categorical imperative that belief, the foundation of all human activity, depends. Nor is it on the expediency and desirability of its effects; faith can move mountains, but the process is not reversible, the desirability of moving mountains cannot help one jot towards supplying faith. The pragmatic desirability of your foundations of society cannot by any psychological legerdemain save them. It is of no avail to say, "If you do not bring yourselves to believe in those expedient conventions the social fabric must fall to pieces." Belief can be produced neither by promise nor by menace; belief depends upon the quality of its foundations. And if the world suffers to-day from the consequences of its faithlessness—and our good friends the Parsons are here, in their quaint, hieratic language, nearer to essential truth than our economists—that faithlessness is itself the consequence of the quality of the faith on which the world rested. For the faithlessness, "materialism," nihilism, which our friends deplore it is they themselves chiefly that we have to thank. Had our religous traditions, had all our other traditions, been of a quality to command more permanent belief, we should not at this hour be faced with a meaningless world. We are paying for the sins of our fathers; we are to-day paying the penalty of six thousand years of unveracity.

That penalty cannot be compounded. No doctoring can squeeze a foot-pound of efficient power out of disbelieved unveracities. No manipulation of old formulas, no skilful phrasing, no amount of tied-Press eloquence and misrepresentation, no amount of *professed* belief shouting itself hoarse can serve as a substitute for the motive power of human action. Our religious tradition, our political tradition, our historical tradition, our social tradition, our ethical tradition, are no longer believed; and, being no longer believed, they can neither move mountains, nor can they move the smallest cog-wheel of the world's machinery by so much as a hair's breadth.

We are engaged upon the lunatic occupation of trying

to run the world in terms of things and values that no longer exist as a belief in any human soul. In politics we think in terms of "empires," "Great Powers," "frontiers," nations, strategic reasons of state, that are echoes of a history that is *past*, a tale that is told; socially we deal in terms of a configuration that is only prevented from flying asunder by brute force; economically with wealth that only exists on paper; ethically with moral values to which no human "conscience" any longer corresponds; intellectually with a truth that has become "pragmatic"; artistically with the self-expression of a soul that no longer believes in itself.

Shams and unveracities have been always with us; and in ages of thought there have always been prophets, from Xenophanes to Carlyle, to rail at them and hotly denounce them; and yet the world has managed to muddle through. The shams have smiled serenely at the prophets, and carried on. Consequently prophetic denunciation is discounted; our pragmatic operators of unveracities continue confident and undisturbed, and we doubt our very doubts. It is here that our deficiency in broad and essential historiological sense comes in. We perceive the same qualities in social situations, and we say that "history repeats itself"; but our sense of social situations is too superficial to estimate quantities—the sole differentiating factor in scientific estimates. It is a question of proportion, a dynamic algebraical summation of multitudinous forces. "You can fool some people all the time, you can fool all the people for some time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time." In other words, in a world that is very motley and multifarious, little unveracities tell little in the resultant, big unveracities tell little so long as they pass with the multitude, but when the multitudinous, essential, and fundamental foundations of the world which they are called upon to carry on have become unveracities to the multitude the breaking point is reached. And we have reached that breaking point. It is no longer our polite sentiments and conventions which well-bred people have agreed to smile at and bow to, but the very coin of our most desperate transactions, the very substance and status of our life-and-death issues and anxieties, things about which we are not at all disposed to smile, that have become shams and unveracities to people who do not trouble in the least about being well-bred.

Our so-called international political situation which has become in its farcical screaminess so indecent as to cause a twitch of apologetic embarrassment even to our governors and supreme-councillors, is but representative of all our other "situations." We whine that, after two years no "settlement" or remotest glimpse of such is discernible. Settlement? How can the most atrociously real facts be affected at all, much less "settled," by jugglings with irrelevant unrealities? The doings of the elderly gentlemen who edit fortnightly issues of the map, of the "victors" who dictate imaginary terms which they know that they have not the power or, for fear of Bolshevism, the pluck to enforce, of the "vanquished" who cut snooks at them and sign protocols, are of scarcely any consequence in the course of any actual facts or events. The fiction that the nations of Europe are, like the domains of feral barbarian chieftains whose names they bear, substantive and independent and, consequently, conflicting, clashing entities, has long since become to every European whose mental eyes are open as meaningless as the musical comedy geography on the play-bill of the Supreme Farce. To the elderly gentlemen themselves who play at jig-saw with the map there are in Europe but two nations, Dizzy's two nations, known in the slang of the hour as Profiteers and Bolshevists. In one way only could the Conference-made chaos be exorcised at any Conference —by speaking "the truth for an hour."

Far be it from me to minimise the difficulties of refraining from unveracities. It is, it has of necessity grown to be, quite the most appalling of tasks, a task calling for almost superhuman, heroic courage. The pleasant, the attractive line of least resistance of the Pragmatist is just what truth is *not*. Being the opposite of the "foundations of society," truth is of necessity a monstrous and shocking thing, scandalous in the grossness of its unfamiliarity, only to be faced with girded loins and hearts of treble brass. "The truth for an hour" would mean the uttering of things almost unmentionable.

And, of course, there can be no such thing as "the truth for an hour." Rulers—leaders we have none—are never converted. Psychological miracles do not happen. Our Supreme Bunglers, our Profiteers, our Northcliffe-

Press, our Parsons, our Professors of Virtue, will go merrily on, pouring scorn and contempt on their "critics." Let us frankly admit that their confidence in the viability and vitality of unveracities is justified. It is all sentimental nonsense to say that truth wins; on the contrary, the fact is that lies are *never* put down. What does actually happen is a very much more radical, catastrophic process :—not the lies, but the whole social superstructure, empires, States, civilisations founded upon them go down. Dealers in unveracities are never converted or put to shame, because by the time unveracities are overtaken by the intrinsic Nemesis of the logic of the Universe the system of power that rests upon them melts out of the world of existence. By the time feudal aristocracies are called to account before the throne of Nemesis, there is no longer any feudal system; by the time priests are called to account there is no longer any Church; by the time profiteers are called to account there are no longer any profits. Let us have no illusion on the subject: talk does not count, arguments do not count, logic does not count—directly. They count only by sharpening the pikes of the brute, barbaric forces that are the instruments of Nemesis. Nothing has ever been set right in the world by argument, by talk, by logic—alone. Argument, ideas, logic only count as the motive powers of the instruments of Nemesis.

To entertain the idea that a profiteer chaos can be mended by our rulers, that is, by profiteers and men with profiteer principles, by advising *them* what to do, is, sanely considered, the most ludicrous imbecility. Of the two alternative issues to our present situation, a decent effort towards veracity or the deluge, we need have no expectation whatever of the former. The Bolshevists, not the Profiteers, will win, because they have the motive power, belief in their ideals, which our profiteer civilisation has not.

And it is of no use fancying that the deluge will be a pleasant thing to look upon; the melting-pot is not exactly an emblem of Paradise. The ghosts of profiteers will walk, "if our loves survive," the streets and hotels of Europe wearing their old confident smile of derision and whispering "I told you so."

Veracity and intellectual honesty being psychologically impossible in the quarters where it could avail, it seems of

little use to allude to those virtues. But even in the melting-pot there will arise an aristocracy—there always does, even in social melting-pots of "equality." And, since an aristocracy ruling by divine right of wealth and of figmental unveracities, will never again be permanently possible, the only aristocracy of the future must be an aristocracy of poverty and of thought, of believable thought. To breed such an aristocracy is the highest task to which in this hour of Nemesis we can hopefully set our hands.

Joy Ride

By C. Neville Brand

PEOPLE were moving in a long file, following the windings of the path that crept between hedges and round the fringe of the common till it reached open ground at the top of the rise. They moved eagerly, hurrying as though there were no time to be lost and walking in silence. As they passed round the last clump of birch trees they could see the aeroplane that stood in the short grass close by the door of an old shed that had served in its time for barn, cow shed and wood store. A group of people stood near it, inside the rope that had been strung between posts to protect the machine from curious hands and a man with a can was balanced on a trestle, pouring oil into the tank. The two men who were to fly it were not to be seen; somewhere in the gloom of the shed they were talking. For a long time they had been in there and the sound of their voices came out to the others who were already waiting on the grass, but what they said was inaudible. The man with the oil can filled the tank, screwed on the cap and carried the trestle back to the door of the shed. Little groups of people began to arrive on the aerodrome and formed up round the rope, gazing at the machine. The favoured ones inside the enclosure glanced back into the shed, but they could see nothing, only the sound of discussion, faint and guarded, came out to them.

One of their number turned and spoke over his shoulder.

"It's three o'clock," he said; "there are plenty of people here."

The voices stopped for a moment, then began again, slightly louder as the speakers moved towards the door. The two pilots came out, one wearing his leather flying cap, the other bareheaded. Without noticing anyone they walked to the machine, the man in the cap glanced at the undercarriage, climbed up into the cockpit and moved the

controls, turning to watch the rudder as it wagged from side to side. He settled himself into the seat, adjusted the safety belt, and beckoned to his companion.

"You couldn't," he said. "Stop and think a moment. It would be a dirty trick. I mean what I say."

The other looked up at him, shrugged his shoulders and walked away from the aeroplane, to stand gazing moodily at the wing, which rocked slightly to the breeze that was blowing across the field.

"Petrol on! Contact!"

At the third pull the engine started, the crowd was hustled out of the way, the protecting rope loosed and flung aside. The machine moved forward, leaving a thin haze of smoke to wreathe round the old shed and over the heads of the people. The second pilot stood, hands clasped behind his back, looking first at the sky where wisps of clouds drifted slowly, then at the aeroplane which gathered speed, bumped over tussocks of grass and into the air, bearing round in a wide sweep to the south. The mechanic returned to the shed trailing behind him the wooden chocks which skipped over the rough turf and the crowd craned their necks upwards. Questions and comments passed among them; someone had dragged the trestle from its place and balanced precariously on it in the hope of seeing more.

"Passengers will be carried for a guinea a trip," announced a voice, speaking thunderously through a megaphone. "Tickets can be obtained here."

The man in the machine settled himself more comfortably and wiped a splash of oil from his goggles. As he climbed the countryside opened out; where had been hills and valleys were now chequered fields and clumps of trees spread beneath him in the flatness of a map. Only a slight deepening in the colour of the grass showed where lay the shadow of rising ground. He gave a quarter turn to the fine adjustment of the petrol and glanced at the altimeter. "Fourteen hundred feet and climbing well."

"Fourteen hundred feet." And down there, fourteen hundred feet below, just visible as a dark something on the grass, was the other man, silent now, no doubt, but still thinking over the argument that had lasted so long, that had been the final eruption after so many days of accumulated bitterness. And the silly people down there too, waiting

to trust themselves to a man whose soul was a vile thing. To them, perhaps, the partners (partners was a strange word to use, it implied friendship) were supermen, men of the air whose minds must be above the little things of everyday life, hate, love, the theft of love. The shed and the people were right underneath now and the pilot banked over and swung round in narrowing circles, shutting off his engine and focussing the centre of his spin on a patch of gorse to the left of the common. Down he went to six hundred feet and up again in a sudden "Zoom," while the sun flashed off the wings, turning the machine into a rushing mirror. He manipulated the controls by instinct almost, a subtle inner consciousness prompted his hands, and all the time he was thinking of what had happened down there a few minutes before, twisting and turning in his mind phrases of the argument, hoping that a solution would come up there in the air. The words spun and fled, his mind was as wide as the heavens but no answer came to him. He would drive the aeroplane down onto them, smash them to pieces, make them share his own agony; he would climb and climb, leave them all behind and go right away, vanish into the clouds. But that was no end to the matter. To run away was to confess defeat and the spoils were for the victor.

Down again then, back to the crowd, with their money to buy them a boast that they had flown.

The realisation that the engine had stopped came to him only when he noticed the silence, and for an instant his thoughts held him prisoner and he sat doing nothing. Then, still holding up the nose of the machine, he turned, flat, slipping outwards so that the air blew hard on the side of his face. The seat seemed to fall away from under him, the controls felt slack and useless, the aeroplane was beginning to spin slowly round, and he was straining at the safety belt. Looking down over the windscreen he could see the ground revolving below. A white hut stood out in sharp contrast to the fields around. One, two, three; he was counting the number of times the hut had turned round. The movement became quicker, he stood on the rudder bar and tugged at the controls for all the world as though he were stirring a gigantic pudding. With a sharp quiver the machine checked, the nose lifted, rose high above his head;

the singing of the wires fell to a faint moaning. He slid back into the seat, fumbling blindly for the switch. The right wing was tipping up, up, higher; the side wind was blowing on his face again, again he was falling, turning like a leaf when it drops from the tree.

Then it was he realised that there could be no hope; this was the end that he had so often thought about, vaguely, as something that could not really happen. And he was glad. It was a solution. It would have the nature of a splendid revenge; it would end the partnership and everything else too.

Once again he levered himself up, standing hard against the rudder bar. The nose of the aeroplane shot up at the same instant that the rudder bar snapped, letting him slip forward so that his legs were wedged under the tank. The pendulum had swung back. It was a desperate effort to save himself; to run away was cowardice, he wanted to live. "Let me go back," he shouted.

All around was a great crackling, the machine lurched over on its side and jolted through a sea of green leaves that brushed against his face. When it hit the ground the petrol tank burst.

There was something not unpleasant in lying on the ground with the smell of crushed bracken mingling with the fumes of petrol that was evaporating and leaving his legs numbed. The earth had a warm, comfortable feel about it His left leg was burning now and it felt bent and useless, doubled up underneath him. The coppice grew dark, streaks of colour swept across his vision; someone was coming, blundering through the undergrowth and shouting. He clutched at the wreckage, pulled himself up, and rested his head on the torn padding of the cockpit.

"I'm here," he said, "I've come back. Tell them I've saved myself."

Everything was dark now, but there were hands gripping him and lifting him up.

"I've saved myself," he repeated.

André Spire

By Richard Aldington

To appreciate fully the talent and originality of M. André Spire, the reader must have in mind the evolution of French poetry during the last century, an evolution which corresponds fairly closely with that of our own literature, but more sharply defined, more excessive. French poets are often argumentative and terribly theoretical. They treat a conception of the art of poetry as if it were a theological doctrine. Another generation comes along, points out the errors of its predecessors (an easy task, as there is no absolute æsthetic), crushes them with polemics, and proceeds to build up another molehill of poetic dogma equally doomed to destruction. Thus the Romantics,—Hugo, Lamartine, Vigny, Musset—gave place to the Parnassiens. Jules Lemaître, the apologist of the Parnassiens, gave it as his opinion that Lamartine "fait gnan-gnan," Hugo "fait boum-boum," and that Musset's apostrophes were childish. Admitting this for the moment, let us see what he preferred. Leconte de Lisle was one of his great admirations. Where the Romantics were violent, verbose and mediæval, Leconte de Lisle was correct, objective and Hellenistic. What you had to do, according to poets like Leconte de Lisle and Heredia, was to avoid subjective emotion; the poet was to be "impassive" (whatever that means), and present his readers with poems of objective and ideal beauty crystallised in impeccable verse, and decorated with an enormous culture. Gautier was the man they admired, but he was too much of a "bonhomme"; they added a sublime pomposity to his flawless technique. Certainly, in their own genre, the Parnassiens were marvellous, just as the Romantics had been in theirs. Like their predecessors, they had their own virtues and their own faults. But this prolonged absence of reality and intimate emotion became oppressive; their majestic rhetoric, thundering like a perfectly organised brass band, left many readers astonished with admiration,

others longing for something more natural. Meanwhile, there came along what M. France humorously described as the "Naturaliste Terror," with Flaubert as its Jean-Jacques and Zola as its Robespierre. Poetry, said the Naturalistes, is all rot; the future and the present are for prose. (There are still people who say this.) What we want are slices of life (Flaubert) and "l'écriture artiste" (the Goncourts). But the bosoms of Parnassiens and Naturalistes each nourished a viper. Huysmans, the bizarre, the dyspeptic, the absurd, sent the young men off their heads with "A Rebours." Paul Verlaine, ex-Parnassien and great poet, dissolved the cult of "impassability" with his exquisite personal lyrics. Mallarmé discoursed in the Rue de Rome. Rimbaud was studied. Thus Symbolisme was born about the end of the 'eighties, and idealism was triumphantly vindicated from the attacks of the Naturalistes. Everybody became frail and mystical; it was "the thing" to be excessively bookish, rather vicious but oh, so elegant! Samain, Maeterlinck, Moréas, M. de Régnier, Verhaeren were the great poets of this period, more or less free fom the affectations of the lesser fry. But, with appalling rapidity, revolution followed revolution; a general anarchy set in, and French poetry to-day is surely one of the most disorganised and confusing productions of the human mind. In a few months I have received the following: A play in the manner of Racine, a play in the manner of Hugo, a book of sonnets in the Parnassien manner, a book of post-Symboliste reveries, a mystical play in the manner of M. Claudel, a book of patriotic war poems in rhyme, a book of unpatriotic war poems in vers libre, a book of prose poems, a book of post-Verhaeren vers libre, a book of Cubiste poetry without punctuation, a book of Dada without punctuation, grammar or syntax, a book . . . .

Among them was "Le Secret" of M. André Spire. His work has been known to me for five or six years, but my admiration for it has only increased as time passed, and left it as a solid core to the perishable stuff about it. M. Spire is not Parnassien, Symboliste, Unanimiste, Simultanéiste, Expressioniste; he is a Spireiste. His closest affinity is with men like MM. Duhamel and Arcos, who wish to make poetry more human, more real, more moving, by eliminating

the affectations of the Symbolistes, by choosing simple, often humble themes, by an art which, to use the expressive phrase of M. Jules Romains, is "nu et sobre." Is it necessary to point out the limitations of the "movement," its deliberate rejection of ideal beauty, its absurd determination to abandon all the charm of a long culture, its pretention to a simplicity which in many hands has already become an affectation? M. Spire has kept that just measure which is the first sign of a superior intelligence. He has accepted vers libre as his medium, because of its suppleness and its sincerity. He has put aside the affectations both of Symbolistes and Cubistes. The poetry he writes is indeed "nu et sobre," is rich with thought, with humanity, with personality, and it does not attempt the banal folly of rejecting the intellectual gains of humanity. M. Spire does not believe that there is any virtue in wilful ignorance. His poetry may be briefly defined as a dramatic spiritual conflict expressed in short vers libre poems each complete in itself. The conflict is that which agitates many minds, a conflict to which there is unhappily no end: the struggle between idealism and reality, between "the beauty we imagine and the ugliness which is thrust upon us."

When this much has been said there is little to add. We know the poet's intention, and all that remains is to study his poems, to discover how far he has succeeded in his enterprise, and what is the method of his art. His poems may be usefully divided into two kinds: Those which are a vision of beauty, those which are a vision of human suffering. In the first he gives us short precise poems, whose theme is a fountain, a landscape, the sea, rounded off generally by some subtle, half-ironic reflection. In the second, he gives us satiric, denunciatory poems or reflections which show the deep and sorrowful pre-occupations of his mind. Reading his work, as a whole, not as separate pieces, the reader will be struck by the complete expression which he gives to the dramatic conflict in his soul. He writes, not with the Olympian superiority of the Parnassiens, not with the frivolous detachment of the Symbolistes, but as an ordinary human being among his fellows. What he has felt, all men can feel, though few can express it as he has done. His command of his art is exquisite, but with him everything is subordinate to sincerity. He says nothing

but what he has felt deeply. These little poems which look so simple—and, alas! so inartistic in my English—are the product of a long meditation. M. Spire is not a young man, but his poetry occupies only three small volumes. He has never written except to put down a genuine impulse. Thus, in his "Poèmes Juifs," in "Versets," in "Le Secret," we have the quintessence of a fine but humble spirit, a personality of quiet but persistent charm. The reader must not take my versions as a real test of M. Spire's talent; he must read the poems in the poet's own words, and read them all; then if he is sensitive to delicate and sincere work I can promise him a real pleasure.

Poems by André Spire

PROVENCE.

The cock crows.
The vast breathing of the sea
And the sky deep with stars . .
Sing, poet, sing!

You clasp your hands.
You pray!
You too?
But to whom,
What god among gods?

But this is not prayer—
You admire, you weep.

WE DREAM.

Warm life,
They wrong you who seek beyond you.

In the sky, in the universe,
Nothing but is for you,
O you the goal of all the worlds!

And we who hold you,
We who possess you in ourselves,
We dream of the infinite!

CLOUDS.

White sky, blue sky, grey sky,
Banded sky,
Clouds,
From the lake ripple to the stony peaks
You know each leaf, each rock crevice—
Why have we left the stifling town
To lift our hands and heads to you?
Do you bear secrets you withhold from us?
What pact is declared by your rainbows?
The infinity of evening, filled with broken sun-rays,
Is that the infinity our hearts yearn for,
And your thundering god
Is he the God of men?

IMMORTALITY.

Sun, a cape,
Grey grass.
The waves seethe two hundred feet below.

Light wind.

The warmest colours on the jagged stones.

A bush to lean on, a stump for seat;
Among the perfumes, O torpid body,
Not even a square yard for you; your place is here!
These are for you:
These flowers,
These hanging pines,
These clouds, this blue,
The wall of the horizon
With the ships creeping along it,
This frail haze, the moon at her height,
The stars which will soon glimmer.
This earth is mine and all the universes,

Mine, man's, the unique, wonder of wonders,
For to-day the twilight, the sounds, the movement,
For to-morrow, always, new happiness . . .
For me! Promise it, kindly clouds,
You lights that are born again
And you immortal sea which bore
Plato, Philo, Saint Paul!

THE TOWN'S NOISES.

Noises of the town
Rising to beat against the phantasmagoria of the clouds,
You haunt me, immense clamour:
Cries, angers, quarrels,
Movement, work, breath of men,
And their laughter, their kisses, their tears,
And even the beating of my own heart.

IL Y A . . .

Poor,
What have I to say to you?
I have loved you.
My books, my God spoke to me of you.
I set out to bring you my strength,
But I saw your rounded backs, your bent knees,
Your eyes, like beaten dogs', watching my hand.
What have I to say to you?
There is your open palm between us.

Rich,
What have I to say to you?
I have loved you.
My poets, my painters spoke to me of you.
I set out to bring you my songs,
I saw your starched collars on your stiff necks,
And your eyes watching my hand,
My hand that was not slavish enough.
What have I to say to you?
There are your empty eyes between us.

Women,
What have I to say to you?
I have loved you.
I set out to bring you my brow.
You talked to your corset maker,
You passed a tube over your lips,
Your eyes did not see my hand,
My trembling hand.
Women,
What have I to say to you?
There is too much greasy rouge between us.

Children,
What have I to say to you?
I did not set out towards you.
None of you has wearied my arms and knees,
None of you has put aside my hand as it wrote
And splashed ink on my page.
Children, little children,
There are too many kisses not kissed between us.

THE ELECT.

"We are the elect," they say.
They have motor-cars,
Mistresses and horses.
"We are the elect," they say.

"We organise labour;
We are indispensable";
The workmen earn their pence,
The peasants carry their bags.

Their peasants beat against the trees
And drive up the game
And shout in the bare coppice.

Their dogs are ripped open for them,
Their hammerless double-barrelled guns
Kill the fat beasts for them
Which their keepers cut up for them.

"We are the elect," they say.
"Our wives attend classical concerts,
Our sons go to the Law Schools,
Our daughters read history.

The greatest sculptors of Paris
Make balustrades for our stairs,
The poets sing of our gardens,
The painters live on our crumbs."

For their Directors' dinners
They order women dancers,
Musicians and singers.
"We are the elect," they think.

Then, towards midnight,
They go down to the low streets of the town.
Filled with champagne and love, they vomit:
"We are the elect."

THESE STRIKES!

Young women
With the naked throat
And the breast not very well hidden
And the legs not very well dressed,

Young woman on the sofa
With chocolate
On the light of your teeth
And on the red of your lips:
What do you think of the strikes?

"These strikes! No more métro!
And the taxis.
And the drivers!
And the tips!

And suppose the shops shut!
And suppose They seduce my maids?
Who would make my bed?
My house work!

And my husband
And his friends
When could they put on evening dress,
When could they take me for a holiday,
If They forced them to work?

Where can I go, where can I go?
Switzerland, Italy,
Algeria, Tunis,
Poland of the Poles,
Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia,
Greece, Morocco, Spain,
Russia, Russia,
Or the German Republic?"

Working-man, whom I have ceased to love,
Because after all you are worth no more than I,
Working-man, you who trouble my life,
Who spoil all my plans
At a time when my mind ages,
Flinches and dreams of peace,

Working-man, how I love you this afternoon!

VOSGES.

I have caught the fountain
In an iron tube.

Flow, fountain,
Into your basin of rosy sandstone.
Spout your slim jet,
Rigid as a glass stick,
Or oblique, wry, broken.
Spout up, fountain!

Sing, fountain,
Near the low house
In the cool meadows.
The pines and the hornbeams
And the wind go with you
And the beeches also.
Sing, fountain, sing.

Sing, fountain,
Your unvarying song,
For the wife, the son,
The son and his children,
The cow, the washerwoman,
The sweating traveller,
The living, the dead.

Sing, fountain, sing.

WAR POEM.

They kill, they murder.
None of your business, you think.
Stick to your own little job
And make what you can while you can.

Comforters, candles, boots,
Torches, trench candle-sticks,
Socks, chest-protectors, bed-clothes,
Soap in tubes, solid alcohol,
That is your little kingdom.
Make what you can while you can.

Count it, count it up right,
A gramme, a centimetre, a centime
More or less changes all.

Your sons kill and are killed:
Make what you can while you can.

NOTE.—These translations were made and are published by permission of M. André Spire.

The "Mystery" of Ireland

By Judex

Few Englishmen have thought it worth while to probe into the mysteries of Ireland, and even to Gladstonian Liberals "Home Rule" was more a theoretical war-cry than a solemn intention, as was proved so disastrously in 1914 when Mr. Asquith, himself a lawyer, allowed himself (as Prime Minister) to break faith with the law of the land. It was a historic blunder, one of those grand opportunities to make good that come to a statesman perhaps twice in a century, but it was not taken. The result is present-day Ireland. Our failure to apply the law in 1914 was Ireland's final disillusion. In a night, the long and patient work of Mr. Redmond was undone. England had broken her law, her constitutional honour. Once more the Irish realised that Parliament meant nothing, and with the death of the broken-hearted Nationalist leader the Irish Republican Brotherhood regained and assumed authority.

Such in a few words is the *causa causans* of Ireland's hideous plight to-day. The situation is unique. Murder is the law, chaos is the result. All order has broken down. Castle Government is to-day merely a military-police office in which Viscount French is a resident prisoner. Policemen are shot and in turn shoot at civilians. The old R.I.C. is dissolving, to be replaced by a new force, called the "Black and Tan," which is a military instrument recruited from ex-Service men temperamentally "out for a scrap," chiefly not Irish and not Catholics. In a word, Ireland is at war—civil and religious war with this country. (The real truth is that about a thousand sworn assassins are holding up the country, which again is distracted by reprisals on the part of police and military, and "raids" followed by hunger-strikes, all this because politically foolish politicians will not permit the Irish to sing the "wearing of the green" in their own island.)

To understand the complexities of the crisis which

threatens to strike at the roots of our Imperial associations, we should get this one thing into our heads. In Ireland all the Irish are Irishmen, that is to say, all are prejudiced. To them it is North or South—Catholic or Protestant, though this fact has been cleverly concealed by the Ulster leaders who years ago saddled English Toryism with their own essentially anti-Catholic fanaticism which incidentally broke the back of the Conservative Party in these islands (see the House of Lords controversy).

Ulster, then, has been soldered on to English Conservatism, and because it is to the unthinking English politician a military responsibility, he is content to pay the price of Ulster's Protestant bigotry. But in reality it is not a military question, as history again proves to us. On the eve of the Great War in 1914, Ulster, led by Sir E. Carson and his fly-about, the now Lord High Chancellor, was preparing to fight against "King and country" rather than accept the Act which was the law of the kingdom, probably the clearest instance of high treason* recorded since the "block" fell into desuetude. Yet to-day Sir E. Carson still controls our feeble attempts to frame a policy in Ireland, and the other gentleman occupies the highest paid legal post in the land. This is our English specific difficulty. To the successful political lawyer, F. E. Smith, Ireland was what the French call career-ism, but to Sir Edward Carson Ireland is the blood of his bones and of his ancestry. He is genuine, implacable, fanatical, and honest, and Irishmen bear him no grudge. He got his guns from the Germans. He was actually ready to strike at English troops the day the Germans struck at France, and had Mr. Asquith not yielded to fear, the history of the feud of Ireland with its seven hundred years of rebellion would in all probability have come to an end. Unfortunately for us, Mr. Asquith "funked." Nationalism has become Sinn Fein—Sinn Fein has become the I.R.B.

The average Englishman who visits Ireland to hunt or shoot, fish or play, flirt or run a business, naturally turns to the Catholics in his perplexity to see what they have to say about it, and here it is that the eternal mystery lies. What

* This Carson treason was in a direct way responsible for Germany's declaration of War.

does he find? He finds Father Vaughan inveighing against Sinn Fein hunger-strikers. He finds English Catholics remarkably anti-Irish. He finds leading Jesuits in Ireland almost fanatically anti-Sinn Fein, so much so that between Sir E. Carson and a leading Jesuit there is complete community of interest—*to smash Sinn Fein.*

The English enquirer is puzzled. Father Vaughan (Jesuit); the English Catholic; Sir E. Carson (Protestant): these irreconcilables forming an isosceles triangle of antagonism to Sinn Fein! He rubs his eyes. What does this mean? The Catholics here are against the Irish. The Jesuits even in Ireland are against Sinn Fein. They agree with Protestant Sir Edward. Ergo, Sir Edward must be right. Now were it not that the Englishman who so reasons has omitted one essential enquiry, he would no doubt be justified in believing that two opposing bigots make a harmony, in other words that Rome and Sir Edward are really of the same denomination. If so, what is it all about? Why this bloodthirstiness? Why cannot Ireland be settled?

That enquiry is—the "mystery" why Jesuitism is against Sinn Fein, which Ulster regards as sheer Papistry and Englishmen are told to believe is simply the product of the "Irish scheming priesthood." For clearly there is a mystery. We have Father Vaughan proclaiming his own flock in the interests of North Irish dissent. We have English Catholics cursing Irish Catholics. We have in Ireland a young Catholic priesthood ardently working for De Valera and a hierarchy which as ardently condemns him. We have, in short, a divided Catholic Church, and that is the reason why the Ulster minority can so lightly and completely rule Ireland and police her as they deem fit.

Enquire still further and ask this question: Why is a part of Rome divided against itself? This is root. Here we are at the seat of the mystery which is as simple as a b c. Rome is against Irish Sinn Fein because Sinn Fein is not *really* a religious movement, it is a genuine democratic nationalist enthusiasm, and, were it to conquer, Rome would in time lose Ireland.

Incredible to many as this may seem, that is the inner inwardness of the mystery—Rome is divided. And so we find this paradox—that England imagines Ireland's curse

to be Catholicism, whereas the truth is that *politically* Rome is to-day genuinely opposed to the Irish Nationalist movement for larger world-political reasons.

That is the explanation of Father Vaughan's attitude, and such is the explanation of the "sweet reasonableness" displayed on these shores by Archbishop Mannix, who had come with a "flaming sword." The larger policy prevails —Ireland is not a primary Catholic interest politically.

But the Irish are Irish, that is, they are intellectually born rebels. They do not accept or acquiesce, and dissension is their native instinct. Hence the anarchy. For the leaders of Sinn Fein do not control—the control has passed into the hands of a secret society whose policy is wreckage and whose method is assassination.

Politically, Rome is concerned far more with Austria than with Ireland, and here Governments have no doubt made a deal. Ireland is thus the "whipping-post" of a secular policy—and at this juncture Ireland for the Irish is a "nuisance."

To the simple Englishman and the canny Scot this schism in secular policy provides a real opportunity if only Mr. Lloyd George would seize it. To play with Ireland is to-day a suicidal method, and will prove calamitous to British civilisation. The need is of robust sanity and firm direction. In a word, our policy should be "straight," and it will succeed.

Psychologically, Ireland's plight to-day is the result of the wreckage of war and of a Church policy which sees in the reconstitution of a Catholic military Europe, coupled with the decline of Protestantism here, an opportunity not to be missed. Over the heads of the deluded and ignorant Irish fighting for nationality stands the veto of the Hierarchy, which explains the otherwise mysterious co-religionist war waged in Ireland, apparently in collusion with Ulster. Ireland is thus a Church war. It is Rome temporal or political fighting Ireland nationalist. It is policy versus a people.

Such is the diagnosis. What about policy? Clearly, to-day our policy is purely a police one. It is to smash the anarchist section—to reimpose ourselves by force upon the Irish. To a Government openly scouting principle this might be easy enough were it not for America, the real

significance of whom *in re* Ireland is credit. But here again optimism is our English habit. We think we can risk the policy. America is not likely to intervene. The credit position being so inter-connected, politicians reckon it will not seriously be affected, no matter whether a Republican President is elected in November or the Lord Mayor of Cork succumbs to his fast or not. That is where we stand to-day. The word is, "Smash down" Sinn Fein with the "Black and Tans" and risk the exchange on the £.

Will this force policy succeed? It will not, because a force policy never succeeds. Rome politically is once more backing the wrong horse, for European military Catholicism will prove a dream, and England will almost of a certainty not revert to the Apostolic Faith no matter how anti-Semitic we may become through fear of Bolshevism or how much theological controversy enlivens the newspapers. Ireland will remain our acid test of civilisation, that is, of imperial association. If we fail, the English-speaking race will divide and the consequences will be incalculable. Ireland to-day has come to mean far more than a Nationalist dispute. Ireland is the chosen battle-ground of creed and we are back in the times of religious strife. If then, for a bargain (as yet undisclosed but known to bankers), we allow ourselves to be drawn into a mere force policy, which of course is no policy and never leads to a settlement, we may smash the I.R.B. for the nonce, but we shall have undone the work of Cromwell in Europe, and subsequently of Pitt and of Nelson. In the great subterranean game that is being played in secret between Governments for world-power, Ireland with her local anarchy is merely a pawn, and the blind-alley of an unimaginative Protestantism which fails to see that autonomy in Ireland would not only settle the age-long problem of the Irish, but also a great principle of civilisation—the one, incidentally, we in Britain declared that we were fighting for.

That we as a nation fail to see this is due chiefly to the insensate fear of Bolshevism, the root obstacle to which in Europe we have to come to regard as Rome. Hence France's Polish policy. And this fear blinds us. Thus, as the result of the Great War, what is at issue is secular policy as the prop of capitalism, and because our own policy is lacking in fundamentals and merely opportunist, we

cannot stand for our own historical truth, we can only see the wretched lawlessness of Ireland in the tangle of world fears and complexities.

For the re-creation of a Catholic Europe we may have the blessing of Rome—at the expense of Ireland. That is the position, tempting no doubt to short-sighted militarists and to the police mind generally. It will prove disastrous to Britain. Is it possible that Mr. Lloyd George, who kneels on dissenting platforms, will swallow the "catseye"? We are heading that way.

Are we to say, Amen and let the "Black and Tans" rip, fatalistically, inanely, on the chance that in the world's delirium not much harm will be done if, now that Kaiser "Bill" is deposed, "Old Bill" dons his feudal mace and plumage? If so, let us at least understand that the mystery of Ireland is Catholic, and that in letting untried men die in prison for opinion we are ourselves returning to medieval methods. The mystery of Ireland is the Church now fighting for its life, and the Green Island is the cockpit and key of its policies. Our opportunity is the faith of our civilisation, if we still possess it. Apply to Ireland common-sense, give the Irish the dominion status, and the Irish would soon deal with their assassins and the age-long problem of Ireland would be solved. At stake is the issue of Anglo-American evolution. It is because Sinn Fein in being would rid the Island of her priesthood that the Hierarchy favours coercion; in other words, our English problem is statesmanship. Of course we can bomb out the assassins eventually, yet gain what? A peaceful Ireland? Not now. Across the body of Ireland we shall move either towards America or away from the New World and the new light burning very brightly, if we could only discard our spectacles of war, in the Old World that is to be.

The Land of Strange Fancies

(A Disclosure)

By A. E. Kemble

WHAT quaint people these English are! In war they laugh at bombardments or wounds or frost-bite and grumble unceasingly about plum and apple jam, in peace they grumble about the prices of shoe laces or buttons and pay enormous taxes with a smile. The Englishman sings and drinks not when he is glad but when he is sorrowful. He sings or drinks when he is sad—to cheer him up. When he is happy there is no need for him either to sing or drink. He therefore does neither.

He plays at his work and only works at his play. He regards his work in the light of a rather frivolous hobby, and although he may take a technical pride in its performance he refuses to attach undue importance to it. He will not work a second longer than his scheduled eight-hour day. Football is different . . . that is a serious matter—he revels in over-time and plays till he drops.

He is supremely proud and absurdly humble; essentially generous yet intensely critical. When he is manifestly good at one game he makes it his life aim to depreciate his skill in the eyes of the world; and to achieve this end he professes (with all sincerity as a rule) to excel at some other of which he is obviously but a poor exponent. An English soldier will go to the Canteen and with a sort of morbid and doleful glee abuse his battalion's reputation for hours—until some soldier of another battalion agrees with him, and then they have to fight.

A happily married English couple will fight like wild cats until someone comes and tries to separate them—then they both turn upon the interference, dispose of it with consummate alertness, and perhaps resume their quarrel, but more probably go away together down the street arm in arm and perfect friends.

The Englishman professes to be a novice and a fool, but in reality his only and besetting fear is lest he may make a fool of himself; but he will allow no one to tell him either that he is a fool or that he is frightened of appearing one. His personal and clan pride are really as living and apparent as his eagerness to conceal them is intense. No one is less anxious to insult, but no one is more easily insulted.

He is generally conscientious, and yet there is nothing he is so ashamed of as his conscience. He will perform some act of self-sacrifice and blush guiltily when he is accused of it. He will share his last shilling with his friend and feel insulted if he is thanked.

He is polite to his enemies and studiously rude to his friends.

He will not be compelled, but he does not in the least resent being compelled to volunteer.

He is chivalrous to women but he has built up a system of Law worthy of the cruellest misogynist. Englishmen are ridiculously soft-hearted, and yet they insist upon posing as strong, silent men.

The English are the most sentimental people in the world, yet they are always at pains to pose as the most practical. Their pride and reserve prompt them to conceal their feelings; emotionalism is a weakness; they therefore cover it up; shyness forbids them to reveal their souls—nor could their sense of humour allow them to expose their naked selves . . . it would be too grotesque, too banal!

In England they do not laugh aloud. It is not because they do not love laughter, but because they are vividly aware of the danger and the blasphemy of hurting the feelings of others. When they do laugh, they laugh with their eyes, and often when they appear most melancholy are they most full of mirth. The practical joke they hate because it is cruel; it is the whip of satire and the scourge of cowardice, and for them the kiss in Gethsemane and the sponge dipped in vinegar on Calvary remain for ever ghastly memories.

The English are the most peaceful people and yet the most military nation on the face of the earth—or, at any rate, the most war-like. The reason is simple. It is because once war becomes necessary they accept it in the

spirit of a holiday and regard it in the light of a monstrous joke. England's greatness has been achieved not through her good fortune but through her baffling heterodoxy. Youth will not be denied, and England remains young while the old world grows grey. Romance is still loyally loved in the Land of Strange Fancies, and when the worlds are reeling in space and the oceans rush headlong to the abyss some lone mad Englishman perched on a tottering mountain-top will be laughing at the thunder and the pandemonium of the Crack of Doom.

The One Who Past

After a Japanese Print, Artist Unknown

By B. I. Howe

SHE past through the City of the Seven Towers, the Seven Palaces, and the Seven Kings. Down the Seven Streets to the Gate of the Sun and the Set of Moons in their time. And she was followed by Wang, the call-boy, that imp of laughter in men's throats, and he with his small eyes and big mouth a-grin.

"Ho," he cried, and "ha," and he put out his tongue. She past, this cold dream of a woman, and to her he might never have been.

Her mouth was a swordcut, a line of scarlet thread. Between the thin apartness of lips, that took on almost a peevish edge, her teeth were strung, and each small, like fragment of pearl, mocked, cut, and tore. For on the apples of love they had whitened, not the dripping fruits of the south or pomegranates, hesperian fruits of delight! They knew the flavour, the sharp acid and bite of juniper, walnut, and aloe, salt that is the essence of life. They sweetened disdain as much as vinegar sweetens sorrow:—

"*And her mouth was a sword-cut, a line of scarlet thread!*"

She looked neither to the right nor to the left. Nor in front nor behind. Under the etched arch of her eye-brows, under lids heavy and languorous to the point of a sense-spelling charm, her eyes were like burnt almonds, shaped slanting and long. A flying look they gave one, a look expressive of hard scorn: they knew no dreams, for they realised what the beauty of her denied, and again what you craved. And giving back look for look they still withheld, in secret delight, your desire.

She was knowledge, she was life: at the hour of giving she past, but when she smiled and her lips curled

back, it was not so much a world of dream she might create as one of reality in a rout of smoke, and ash, and dust.

She was supreme, the ultimate self of love wedded in secret to life,

And the cool being of her, that smoothness, that falseness, was like a lily having birth on the stilled security of water: on secret mud, and fish, and reed; on insect, fly, and tangling weeds. So was the skin of her: the oval of her face and cheeks, her hands and arms; the ivory of lily-petal and lily-bud rather moon-sprung than anything kissed at the mouth of the sun to a palpitating tremor of life. Something pale yet warm, burnished yet cold . . . she was a flame set in snow, desire sheathed denial, and as a virgin she past.

Her robes were of scarlet, a scarlet that is thin yet sensuous, that clings and yet is apart like wire to the touch: and they were embroidered fair in dim questions of heraldry and saintly sign at once faint but unmistakable; of patterned silks of the dull pain and mourn of olives, myrtles, and oleander-trees. With the trembling silverness of turned-willowleaves and the austere needle-point of pines. But in hidden corners, in drapery and fold, were wrought curious sprays of flowers and fruit in threads gold to the sight and burning with a brassy, beaten glow. A cloak partook of generous curve and line over these robes of mock design: a cloak whose dumb, black discretion was spurned by many dragons woven bold in their conquest and spitting smoke and the flame of tongued-fire.

So she held, more than wore, these emblems of her dressed womanhood, as if she would give them weight and substance that was of her own and not of toiling hands. For she was not of them, rather were they about her, and she moved—"*a flame set in snow, desire sheathed denial—a Queen!*"

On the inscrutability of her high, domed forehead her hair was rolled and pillowed. It had the mysteriousness of shadow seen on ice, while many pins of thin gold and set with squares of jade, and pearl, and amethyst, were fixed fan-like round her head. A broken halo of spears they seemed, spears bent from the bleeding hearts of men. So again she had wisdom and life.

"She passed through the City of the Seven Towers, the Seven Palaces, and the Seven Kings. Down the Seven

Streets to the Gate of the Sun and the Set of Moons in their time."

The squares were empty. The house-tops flat. And the hour was shortened, for twilight was meeting dusk.

"*Her mouth was a sword-cut, a line of scarlet thread!*" She looked neither to the right nor to the left, nor in front, nor behind. Wang, the call-boy, followed after, clinging to her skirt.

"*Ho*" he cried, and "*ha*," and he put out his tongue, for his language was the language of men. But to her he might never have been, this noisome fly teasing her trailing hem. *She past* . . . .

Returning to Earth

By Austin Harrison

If newspaper tautology could make a man, Mr. Smillie should be to-day the most popular gentleman in the kingdom, for never was any individual's name more consistently featured and execrated. Most fortunately youth stepped in with its angelic folly betimes, and so over the silly business of Bolshevist gold *The Herald* smashed not only the coal strike but the tension, for the diamonds were "poor" ones according to the dealer, and at best the sum would have financed the paper for a month. We laughed. We are saved again. It is to be hoped that both sides will draw the needful inference, Sir Robert Horne to smoke a pipe of common "shag," *The Herald* to reconstitute itself on a Trade Union levy as the official constitutional organ of organised Labour. The country sorely needs a great Labour newspaper, but it must clearly advocate constitutional methods; it must obviously be started with British money; it must reflect the opinion of the executive, and once these conditions are obtained there is no reason why a Labour newspaper should not be as profitable as any other newspaper, alike to public and advertisers.

Without any question a strike at this juncture would have been a great national disaster. It could not have succeeded. Nothing would have been gained politically or economically. Labour would have shown itself to be politically unripe, and opinion would have condemned both leaders and men on public grounds. The truth is that Labour has now got to choose between force or constitutionalism, that is, it has now got to become a real political Party or remain a mere organisation of Trade Union or specifically wage interests. There is no other course. Labour is far too big, too enthusiastic, too serious to stick in the old grooves, and it now has a golden opportunity to constitute itself the great Party of reform in the country, following definite principles of progress on definite consti-

tutional lines. Its first aim should be the elimination of all negative policy, *i.e.*, strikes, which are to-day a bad policy. It should proclaim its programme through its official mouthpiece and work for peace here and in Europe. It cannot continue to live and thrive on a constant threat of strikes. It simply must seek power through opinion, if it is to obtain power, as assuredly it will in economic conditions which all favour a policy of construction such as Labour in its heart desires, and those very conditions make imperative. Labour's "direct action" should take the form of positive opinion, for month by month now the natural devolopment of events makes Labour's true case stronger and capital's case weaker, and unless capital deflates Labour must automatically rise, like a cork under water, into the place and office of authority. The new slogan should be peace, the community first.

It is Bolshevism and the fear of it which has disturbed our thinking-powers. But Bolshevism is a Russian peculiarity and here would spell ruin. Bolshevism is, of course, a tyranny, like all revolutionary governments, which may or may not be necessary to the freedom and ultimate salvation of Russia. It is time that both sides had a talk about it. Labour's aim cannot be communism in these islands, for some 10,000,000 people would in that case starve or have to emigrate, and it is therefore up to Labour to lay this ghost neatly and publicly at the altar of Sir Robert Horne, who possibly might then be induced to send it to Scotland Yard's museum. We want a young fresh policy here to-day, which only Labour can provide, because only Labour is young enough, enthusiastic enough, sincere enough to work for it. It will come. We are all palsied with this fear and counter-fear, and cannot get on. Is it not time to have a common palaver? Only British Labour can give peace to the world, but this it can only do if it provides peace at home. That should be Labour's charge, and Labour should now concentrate on the creation of a Council of Action whose business is peace, whose challenge the intellect and spirituality of the country will respond to.

The real importance of Labour to-day is educational. All Europe is upside-down, and there is no authority but

the policeman, no principle, no faith. To give us back our faith and principle is Labour's historic mission. For Liberalism is dead. Even the Tories have no policy. Alone capital directs Governments, and capital has ceased to think, drunk with its own inflation. But beneath the tinsel the foundations are sagging. There is no health in us. Even our system is threadbare. In the existing apathy and paper magnificence no man thinks of the morrow.

The difficulty is the habit of orgy as the result of years of war and a wholly irresponsible inflation, coupled with the refusal of the "city" to. face realities. Thus, as prices rose, business aimed at checking supplies—this was the keynote and the cardinal error of the Versailles Treaty—and so securing monopoly prices; which is the position we have literally banked on since the armistice. If we can claim a startling paper success, the effects are now making themselves felt in tight money and the absence of a buying market, *i.e.*, Europe. Our post-war financial boom has been due solely to the profligacy of a Government which continued to spend borrowed or paper money, but now the Banks, frightened at the enormous advances given to industry, are getting shy, and this restriction is stopping enterprise and has begun, through the inability of Eastern Banks to meet bills, seriously to threaten our export trade, which can no longer be financed in the old credit way, thus further threatening the little businesses to the benefit of the big or favoured ones. During this period, capital's chief aim has been governmental security against falling prices, contrary to all economic law. To-day we are confronted with the bill. Our export trade has begun to decline, and Europe or the golden goose cannot buy because the politicians slew it. Eastern Banks cannot finance exports, and consequently prices are rising; in a word, the method of shortage and monopoly now threatens to pay us back, for we have to buy more food than ever, and wages cannot drop, and there is no longer a *balance of abundance* to fall back upon in Europe. For Europe has no credit, no trading currency, and no production, and can have none by Treaty.

Drunk with greed, the F.B.I. thought they could safely wangle protection upon the country and capture markets. The cry after the armistice was "restrict foreign competition"—to-day we are beginning to see the results in soaring prices, rising wages, and falling absorption. To-day industry finds this comic fact that stricken Europe can tender 40 per cent. cheaper than victorious Britain can, that thus the very thing our greedy but simple industrials hoped to obtain they have lost through bad thinking, and now they are caught—on their own monopolist prices which condition the present high wages. This is not Labour's fault, it is capital's fault; it is the Government's fault, afraid to think, afraid to act, themselves tied to the capitalist ring, and that is why in the few newspapers, where economic conditions are treated at all seriously (*vide* the *Daily Mirror*), the prospects for the winter are depicted in a way that Dean Inge himself would approve. It is to our good, for the greater the pressure the better. When Lombard Street gets really frightened—and it will shortly—bankers will go to Mr. Lloyd George and pull out the map of Europe. "We have had our boom. Cheerio!" they will say, "at the expense of this map, but credit is international in its mechanism, and unless you adjust this map, and so enable the refreshing law of abundance to function again, well, don't ask the 'City' for its vote; there will be a pretty lean time, and we shall get into difficulties." To which, of course, the fascinating Premier will reply by pulling out a photograph of himself and M. Millerand.

French policy is perfectly frank and medieval; it aims at the destruction of Germany by forcing her into disruption through economic and financial pressure. French politicians reckon that we will have to stand for that and pay for it and—fight for it when the time comes. Such is the world position to-day. And it is getting worse, slowly, creepingly, precisely as Mr. Keynes predicted in his book. Look at the exchanges. Note how down we are on New York. See the depreciation in the franc, in all the currencies. What does it mean? It means that there is no peace in Europe. The improved position noticeable

before the Poles set out to play Napoleon has once more changed for a very bad one, and France, ignoring the covenant and consequently her own Treaty, has contracted a secret military alliance with Belgium and broken off the Geneva Conference, which at least held out a prospect of coming to the facts. France's aim is to obscure the facts. She asks, like Shylock, for her pound of flesh, and Mr. Lloyd George has not the wit to see that now is his chance to play Portia.

If France insists upon her militarisation of one section of Europe to hold down, subjugate, and enslave the other half, and in addition insists upon the letter of her bond or Treaty, she may taste the sweets of revenge, but as a result she will plunge all Europe into bankruptcy and complete anarchy. That is, if we let her; if Mr. Lloyd George cannot act Portia in time to save Britain from the fruits of a world "knock-out." He is trying a little, we know. But though pleasant visits to pleasant places in Europe may be amusing and edifying to him, they must lead nowhere unless he travels with some principle in his kit besides a bag of golf-sticks. Mr. Lloyd George is astute enough, but he is not infallible even in his own game of opportunism, and that is why Italy has lately inclined to French policy as a set-off to the Premier's affection for M. Venizelos and the consequent resurrection of a grand maritime Greece, which is a particular sore point to Italy. This is France's answer to Spa. The intellectual Dr. Simon got Mr. Lloyd George to listen to some real economic facts at Spa, not at all to the liking of Paris, which is waiting for that opportunity to occupy the Rhine and squeeze out or buy off the Catholic German territories in some such a Confederation as that founded by "Boney." And so the joust goes on. And will go on until facts bring men to reason and we realise that the ulceration of Europe is economic, is cosmic, and requires the surgeon's knife. All of which political "up" Millerand, "down" Lloyd George business means absolutely nothing to us or posterity except in so far as it aggravates the world's economic difficulties and prolongs the agony of recovery. Nor is any improvement likely until we know what manner of President America elects in November and what

America intends to do about Europe's debts and underwriting the new imperialism.

Europe's real problem is France, who must be saved from herself. We owe her that. Germany need hardly be considered. Under the Treaty she cannot recover, in fact the Treaty was so expressly designed; as for indemnities, Germany has only to go bankrupt to reveal the fatuity of the whole design and bring down the whole. Mr. Lloyd George probably knows that now. His true problem is how to compensate France, that is, restore her to theoretic solvency, seeing that France will not allow the rest of Europe to recover before she at least is on her feet again with a fair handicap start. Here we hold the trump card, for that problem is economic and can only be solved by us and America. That is, of course, the explanation of the French attitude towards Russia. With a non-economic Germany and a non-capitalist Russia, Europe is a mere torso, thus enabling France to hold up recovery. Her cry is: "France first," with which we are in full agreement. It is means and ways that present the trouble, for France not only demands economic priority, she also insists upon military domination, which can only be secured by our and American co-operation. Our position is not so easy, because our wealth is credit, world-trade; we are a world facility, whereas France is a world gesture, like D'Annunzio and his squatter army in Fiume. So long therefore as France says "Vive la guerre!" there can be no economic recovery, and we shall have no Europe to deal with. Our trade will shrink. Unemployment will begin, emigration will start. A non-productive Europe means dear food, high prices, and a limited market for us, which position must shortly become unkindly apparent to us now that the immediate replenishment of war has been settled, and the whole problem for us is not more gesture and more wars, but more markets and more credit.

For what we have done is to mobilise industry on Bank credits on the chance of the future. The policy would have been sound enough had we at the same time made peace and set about restoring the purchasing-power of Europe to meet our increased production, which is exactly

what we omitted, thanks to the politicians whose primary concern at Paris was "downing" Mr. Wilson and castrating the Hun. The gigantic policy of Africanising Europe now pursued by France is on similar lines, only that France is apparently not afraid of "paper" debts and recklessly expects to be financed; and so there we are extrinsically beautifully serene but intrinsically fundamentally unsound, for if France's solvency is our responsibility, our solvency is a world responsibility which we dare not fritter away for a pair of epaulettes. Here politics are mere eyewash. Boundaries no longer matter. Armies no longer count. The problem before Europe is economic. It is: Can Europe escape bankruptcy, and, if so, how? In which connection the whole problem of the world's economic mechanism is integrally involved.

It is perfectly clear that peace is thus our immediate need, a peace of European recovery. The first step is to stop the wicked Polish-Russian war and open trade with Russia, in turn sending her agricultural machinery, boots, clothes, etc., which should open a good market. The next problem is finance, that is, credit. We must restart Europe's purchasing-power, that is the simple problem, and unless we do ours will depreciate, and no deflation here will be possible. What we want is new machinery for restarting Europe. True, it is hinted at in the League of Nations, but what is a League without authority? We must go back to the Treaty and revise it.

The astonishing thing is the utter breakdown of Government, which has come to regard itself as the keeper of capitalism, to the general neglect of all other function or principle. That is the true reason why Government sees every problem through the spectacles of Bolshevism, *i.e.*, a policeman, or of war, *i.e.*, a Field-Marshal. It cannot acquire the habit of peace. It is banker and machine-gun, and still imagines that credit is a "paper" business and war its mandate, and unfortunately "big business" has not thought fit to disabuse it. But now much more is needed, and the essential requirement is competition. It is the manufactured shortage which is sending up prices this winter, not Labour; it is the lack of buying-power which is

causing the slump in the motor-trade, etc.; Government made us rich to find we cannot sell.

The Financial Conference at Brussels is the first sensible thing that has happened since the armistice, and doubtless constructive measures will be put forward. Will they be adopted? On the answer the future of Europe will depend. Already Italy sounds a warning note. If Italy goes discreetly bankrupt and adjusts her economic system, others will follow suit, and then the Versailles Treaty will look exceedingly stupid, for the French will not shoulder their colossal burden if other nations show them a solution. All will depend upon whether Governments, or rather the two controlling Governments, think sanely or politically. Poland won't help them; the Czecho-Slovak Government has fallen; there is actually an inner European Entente which refuses to be the military catspaw of France, and even if France re-kings Bavaria the economic position of Europe will remain what it is to-day—chaos political and economic insolvency. The truth is we are passing through a transition stage prior to a modification of the capitalist system, and the real question is whether we get to our points physically or via the co-operation of Labour and Capital. In all probability the answer will come within twelve months, for certainly, if our present system is to be saved, the credit inequities of Europe will have to be adjusted, and in the place of a Treaty of slavery we shall have to move towards a settlement of international interest; we shall have to restore competition. Every banker knows this. It is, of course, the reason why America refuses to let us off our debts or underwrite our insolvencies, nor can we expect her to change her attitude until we honestly tackle the problem of world distribution.

That is the real problem left by the war, and the Jews are right in diagnosing the issue as capitalism. There is no longer a law of supply and demand. Competition is killed militarily. Distribution is a monopoly. The question is: Shall we restore the old balance which governed trade and credit, or risk the inevitable war, social, national, and international, which the "war of liberation" will bequeath to Europe as an economic biological necessity? Around us

our systems and traditions have tumbled from their platforms, and only the struggle for life remains. Even nationality lies in the melting-pot. Not one issue has been settled by the war. Europe's problem is distribution—purchasing-power. Destroy that, and Capitalism is doomed. And such is Mr. Lloyd George's responsibility—politics or economics. Poland's war, Greece's navalism, France's Napoleonism—these are mere transitory vanities. Europe's problem now is prices. We can only deflate prices by increasing Europe's purchasing-power.

Otherwise we shall just go on talking about E.P.D. and Mr. Smillie until the Coalition inflates itself into the limbo of its own inanity, or Mr. Lloyd George skilfully tries another election. That ought to be done now, when at least we should obtain an intelligent Parliament. For Britain, then, things are moving rightly. We are coming down to earth. We are beginning to think again. We are looking out for markets instead of asking for more Bank credits. We are slowly returning in our own despite to our old and sound principle of convertibility in politics and economics.

"Let Us Sing"

By Alexander Campbell

"Let us sing," said the Prime Minister during the war. Let us sing now, I suggest. "Sing? Good heavens!" I can hear people exclaiming.

Oughtn't we rather to pray?

Sing? While we are scraping to pay the income-tax and the Government pours away our money like a roaring cataract! Sing? While spring skies are clouded with gloomy threats of Direct Action and moody mutterings of dreadful revolution? Sing? While a continent is in travail, while famine and starvation afflict the sons and daughters of Christian peoples, and while disfiguring hates frown and gesticulate over frontiers.

Sing? Why, the man's mad!

Of course, that may well be. Who shall distinguish these days between the sane and the insane? And, after all, I only want us to sing for sanity's sake. One needs a little relief while the tragedy-comedy ironically entitled *Making the World Safe for Democracy* is enacted daily before our weary eyes. Come, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, let us sing, all together.

Turn your back upon the peace conferences and, facing your own land, sing with one heart and voice. Believe me, there is something worth singing about, as you will see.

* * * * * * *

The summer, we may hope, will see the disappearance of many of the things that now fret the soul and conscience of man. Here, in England, there is much to make us rejoice. "Long, stormy springtime, wet, contentious April, winter chilling the lap of very May; but at length the season of summer does come. So long the tree stood naked; angry, wiry, naked boughs moaning and croaking in the wind. . . . Suddenly as with the breath of June your rude, naked tree is touched; bursts into leaves and flowers, *such* leaves and flowers." Thus Carlyle. Surely a truth-

ful picture, too, of the England of to-day. The spiritual flower time is at hand.

* * * * * * *

A foreigner unfamiliar with England would on reading his first batch of newspapers conclude that English people were on their way to the dogs. He would read of widespread extravagance. How the working classes are drinking champagne instead of honest Government ale, how working girls are buying fifty-guinea fur coats and other costly clothing; how they are buying grand pianos and motoring here and motoring there. Then, mounting the social escalator, he would be taken into an atmosphere of prodigal waste so charged with the spirit of wanton levity that he might well despair about the national sanity.

These "snapshots of life" are for the most part fakes, and nobody should pay heed to them. There are silly men and women everywhere who must waste money. Let us not exalt them into "the British people."

* * * * * * *

The most striking fact about life to-day is its earnestness, its purposeful activity. People are not wholly preoccupied in drinking and droning. The multitude is engaged in laboriously instructing itself; it has opened the gate to a glorious renascence in art and learning and the flood is pouring through. In the whole recorded history of the land I doubt if there has been such a mental questing as is now to be observed. The Elizabethan period produced its blossoms, and so indeed did the Victorian era. Nevertheless there was never before such an ardent search for knowledge, such a budding and bursting into flower.

In London there is a great cultural renascence. These things really are not confined to Manchester. The art schools, I read, are crowded. There never was such enthusiasm for art. There are waiting lists at the schools everywhere. British science was never in a healthier condition than to-day. The bias towards scientific study was never so pronounced. The young man of 1914 did not devote himself to science as does the young man of 1920.

At the universities throughout the country the spirit of inquiry is rife. Study is now taken seriously. The lectures are attended *en masse*, so to speak. I hear that there have been queues of students anxious to hear the

Einstein discoveries explained clearly. I trust they were not disappointed. In the newer universities there is also overcrowding. There is enthusiasm for research. The new generation has new interests and it meets in a challenging spirit.

This great renascence is, in large part, attributable to the war. Young men were violently uprooted and cast far afield. People who before 1914 knew little of the world have been touring it in khaki. They have rubbed shoulders with other civilisations. They have observed other people's habits and have come to view the habits and customs of their own country with a calm and sober-eyed detachment. The seed of criticism sown, there has been the usual harvest. In the army, too, men were introduced to new worlds of thought. They were taught many useful things; voluntarily they pursued studies of their own.

They read history; they read economics; they studied languages; they dabbled in a good many subjects, so that every man with a mind capable of inquiry came back home with new interests. Fresh intellectual and æsthetic appetites had been created, and in this rich soil growth is now at work.

What also is of great promise is the thirst for knowledge among the artisan population. Some foolish people affect to believe that the British worker is only interested in his beer. One recollects that in time of war stress his splendid civic and social virtues were universally acclaimed. Now that he has overthrown the Prussian he has been taken down from this pedestal and given some vicious thumps. But the working man is not really given over solely to making a beast of himself on Saturday evenings and beating his unfortunate wife. He is tremendously busy reading. He is poring over books of individualist and socialist economics; he is voraciously consuming works upon historical and political subjects. He is reading up rationalist polemics; I suspect theological defences are cold-shouldered. All these men are as busy as their leisure allows them to become part of an instructed democracy. Is not this industry of deep moment?

In the countryside a similar revolution has taken place. Workers are considerably "better off"; they have acquired new outlooks, incidentally. Life has been transformed.

And on the top of that some of the spirit of "Merrie England" has resumed sway. Folk plays, pastoral plays, the mystery play, all the stimulating influence of the uncommercial theatre, have done much to mellow minds that ran too much in one groove. Hodge is busy, therefore, with more than the implements of his industry. He is engrossed in the words poured from the printing presses of the cities. His mental emancipation is at hand; he is breaking free from the bonds of ancient servitudes.

I ask, then, with all this in mind, why should we not sing? The hour of the spiritual blooming is striking. England was never so mentally vigorous, so capable of great decisions as to-day. There is, then, no occasion for downheartedness as regards the people. They, at least, are "all right." And, to-morrow, I will add, England will be better still.

Now, altogether, let us sing!

"Figuring" on Art

In American screen parlance the wild-west hero when he wishes to say "No" is usually represented to be "hardly figuring on" that motive; same as a man here, tempted with another pot of ale, is likely to rejoin: "I'm not sure as wot I won't." Figuring on art is to-day the great problem before the British stage faced with the film which threatens to smash the Provincial Theatre plus railway fares which threaten to smash the players, and clearly the more the public look to the Movies the more "box-office-y" the stage will become, that is, the less plays will be put on for any quality of art, the chief problem being results or money.

Already we are warned that the Pantomime at Drury Lane may "fall out" with the Covent Garden opera season, which terrible and portentous omission will probably drive some enterprising management to "star" Nickish and the Philharmonic Orchestra by way of reminder that London really "loves" music even if the Covent Garden balls do not take place. Proudly we can boast of "The Beggar's Opera." We have a budding district art movement. Now we have a bold bid for the real thing in Hampstead, where Mr. Macdermott has started an *Everyman Theatre*—fine quality stuff, too—and as there is plenty of money up that way, the movement should develop into a sound æsthetic revival.

In America they say that the film will knock out the old play within a couple of years, and certainly one finds in cities where three years ago say three theatres thrived, perhaps twenty-one palaces of art where the "figuring" is done on the screen to one where actors speak instead of cutting faces. Here, of course, we are insular enough to go our own ways for a while, but the demise of the Pantomime is an omen, and between the so-called "Review" and the type of performance now popular, largely imported American also, the chances seem to favour the "Movie," seeing that in America the screen has ousted the very plays featured here still with considerable success.

If so, then the art movement "figuring on" the districts ought to come along, provided new plays can be procured, which can interest without losing money, and in this way, little by little, *Chu Chin Chow* may yet find himself in one of his own oil-pitchers. Of course it will be an uphill fight. Syndicated Movie-land will watch these intruders with a full purse, ready to squeeze the Hall, where possible, and in the place of art substitute "Hart." All the same, there does seem a prospect of vindication, because the screen is essentially democratic, whereas art must always be aristocratic, and the more plebs does the twinkling photo show, the clearer will grow a demand for the rival firm.

Mr. George Moore has questioned whether art will be produced in the future, and it may be he is right. As the result of the war, few men will have the leisure or means to create what does not immediately sell, and no doubt "art for selling-sake" will be the post-war slogan. Here the theatre provides a quick opportunity, for the ware is illusion, and this neither film nor chorus-girl can "put up." We may come to a time when only suburban theatres will produce plays, and it will be the "smart" thing to regard the "West End" as we used to regard the Music Hall, when it resembled a smoking concert with something audible on the stage.

The truth is the old Panto was very old even in 1914. "Joey" was parochial—he cannot compete with Mesopotamia or "Charlie" with his tabetic gait, who is the darling of the superior sex. If it goes, it is because it hardly applies in these days. Better pantomimes have arisen, in short the pantomime is the thing, and who would dream of approaching a policeman with a hot-poker under our Basil-ean administration—certainly not an Irishman—in these days when you never know who is a "Bolshy" or who an O.B.E.?

Figuring on art in the theatre is a pretty bold game, but in art it is the only game, and it may yet, about the time that we do build some of those houses, prove a winner.

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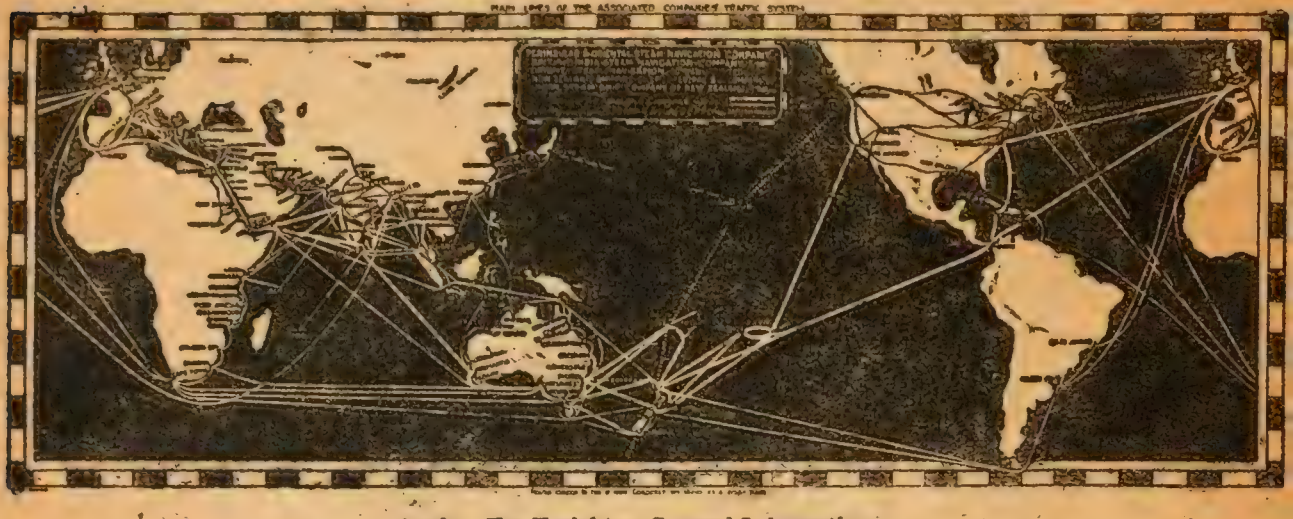

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Books

BEHIND THE SCENES AT GERMAN HEADQUARTERS. By HENRI DORMELIER. London: Hurst and Blackett. 16*s.* net.

THOUGH something belated, this unique and vastly interesting picture of so forbidden a corner of the war-field as the German G.H.Q. in France should certainly command a popular success. Alike as, before the war, editor of a local paper, and during the occupation as Secretary to the Municipal Commission of Charleville, M. Dormelier was exceptionally well qualified both for keeping his eyes open and for recording the result of their observations. One sees him as the "chiel" among the greatest of the Bosche, taking his sardonic and shrewdly penetrating notes upon the gradual transformation of a quiet French town into the theatrical Valhalla that should form a not unworthy abode for the All-Highest and his Only-one-Below heir. Naturally, as you would expect from the circumstances, the chronicle lacks little in piquancy. As you might also expect from one who was himself a journalist, M. Dormelier reserves his most scorching lightnings for the matter of the notorious German *Gazette des Ardennes*—that characteristically Hun attempt to break the spirit of their enemies, which succeeded so little that we are told here how even the newspaper urchins of Charleville would cry it under the title of *La Gazette des Menteurs*. A graceful preface by

M. Maurice Barres forms an apt introduction to this odd chronicle of what was to prove the last vision of the clay-footed little gods.

A. E.

FICTION.

CALIBAN. By W. L. GEORGE. Methuen. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

IF we are to complain that Mr. George is becoming cynical we must at least admit in his extenuation that Fleet Street and the Northcliffe type of news-purveyor are something to be cynical about. Never in the history of journalism has there been such a hunting of the idea that must be found day by day and, as Mr. George puts it, cast as a straw to be whirled away into the intellectual drains of the people. The reader of *Caliban* will, unless he is utterly damned, no longer be taken in by such immoralities as the "Russian gold" stunt; nor will he be impressed by the pious appeal to our sense of decency with regard to Bolshevist "atrocities," for he will know that the hand which penned the appeal is the same that has raked together the Irene Munro garbage. Mr. George knows his Fleet Street so well that he is able to expose its fraudulence and criminality with such ease and blend his revelation with such clever fiction-writing that we are not permitted to realise the story itself as comparatively unimportant beside the fact that we are being presented with a tremendous social indictment.

And yet the theme is attractive in itself. The rise from obscurity of Bulmer, his gradual creation or acquirement of a ring of newspapers and periodicals (*Zip, The Talebearer, The Daily Gazette*—anyone can supply the names of the rest), his knighthood, his marriage failure and his amours—the narration is brilliant, and the psychological analysis, of an essentially vulgar and sordid set of individuals, unerring and thoroughgoing. Had there been no George Gissing the book might have been hailed as a masterpiece.

Only here and there, in minor passages, and at moments when we suspect Mr. George of an endeavour to outdo his own cleverness, do we hesitate in our usual delighted acceptance of his twitting and mockery of the London of the past fifty years. "She had the bad teeth inherited from Victorian puritanism" is not very convincing, even if it be worth saying, seeing that bad teeth are an inheritance of our own Edwardian and Georgian impuritanism no less. The heavy and cold-blooded sensualism of Bulmer's surroundings is well conveyed, but it is a mistake to compare London twice on two consecutive leaves of the book to a woman. The wisdom of a keen observer and critic of life finds abundant expression: "They gave less work to the man they were sorry for than to the man they liked" could not have been said in a truer way. *Caliban* marks the point in its author's achievement where he definitely casts off the last shreds of the *Tono Bungay* influence, and if his outlook is rather similar to Mr. Arnold Bennett's it does not prevent us from acknowledging that as a novelist of contemporary manners Mr. George has reached the influential position that is attainable only by a writer with sound and sane philosophy as well as ripe technique.

POLITICAL.

NOT FOR FOOLS. By H. DENNIS BRADLEY. (Grant Richards, Ltd.) 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE future historian of the war will certainly turn to the strangely-titled book, *Not for Fools,* by Mr. Dennis Bradley, for atmosphere if not for relief. Mr. Bradley was one of the war enigmas. Was he a pro-Hun; a pacifist; a Communist? Was he serious or mad? Finally, the authorities regarded him as an advertising maniac who, because he clothed youth, abused old age, and there they left him, as he narrates with becoming modesty. Re-reading his tirades, lampoons, aphorisms, apophthegms, and sex-tongued acerbities, one sees to-day that the author was a sincere soul finding God through his pen. He felt. He could not play the squander-maniacs' game and grow rich with a peerage. He was a real human soul bleeding, as it were, for those in the trenches for whom there was no pity and no redress. And this book is his vindication. Mr. Bradley lost a title in the process; he never even reaped an order, but he saved himself. He stood for what he thought right. Two years hence men will re-read his outpourings and wonder that no man listened. The reason is that there were so few left to listen except those who were growing rich on the proceeds.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA OF ENGLAND. By THOMAS H. DICKINSON. London: John Murray. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE two chief adverse criticisms that could be made upon Mr. Dickinson's in many ways admirable survey are, first, that (inevitably from its form) it is somewhat sketchy, and, secondly, that it is not absolutely contemporary—bringing its review of our stage only up to the outbreak of war, and (*e.g.*) taking no heed of such admirable and most hopeful present forces as that of Mr. Playfair at Hammersmith, or Mr. J. B. Fagan. These apart, however, I have nothing but praise for a little history very justly reasoned and well put together. Mr. Dickinson has not, I suppose, intended his book for the expert student, who would find in these easy pages not much that he did not already know. For myself, I thought one of the best chapters that upon the little-surveyed and arid field of the early-Victorian drama. Throughout, indeed, you may pick up some shrewd and memorable dicta, as, for example, in the author's estimate of the influence of the introduction of the publishing of plays upon dramatic progress. His appreciation of Pinero, though rapid, is both sound and generous, though it is possible to think that Mr. Dickinson over-estimates the permanence of Shaw as a creative force in the British theatre. Like many histories of our island stage, this one is written in American; it is the work obviously of a looker-on who has not only seen most of the game, but can record his impressions with sympathy and understanding. A. E.

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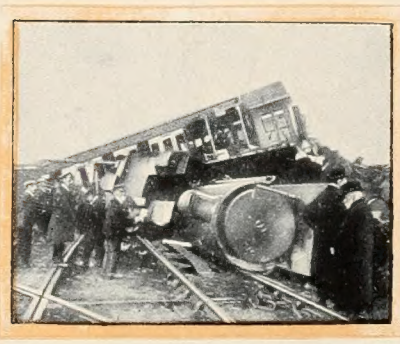

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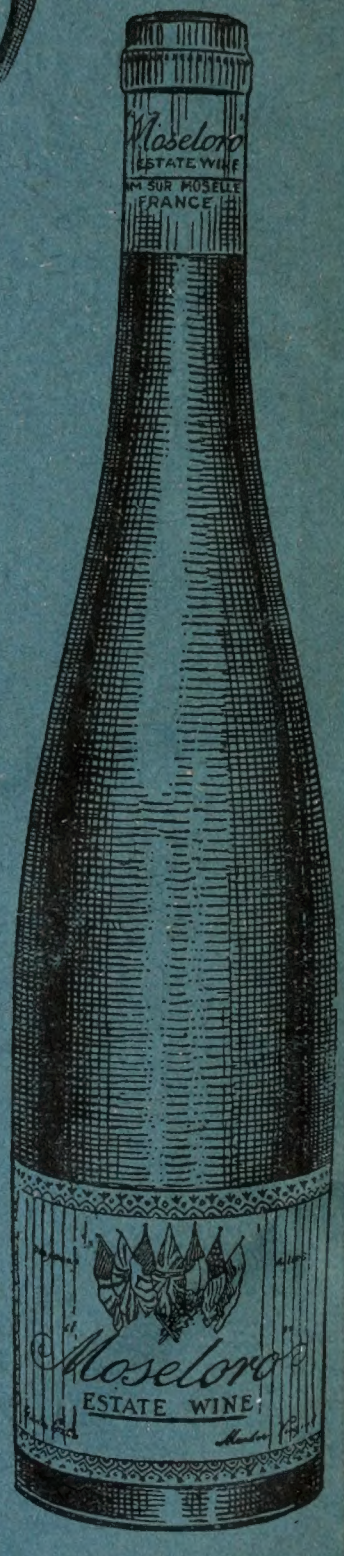

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